The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by Edward C. Hegeler

Volume XXXIX (No. 6) JUNE, 1925 (No. 829)

CONTENTS

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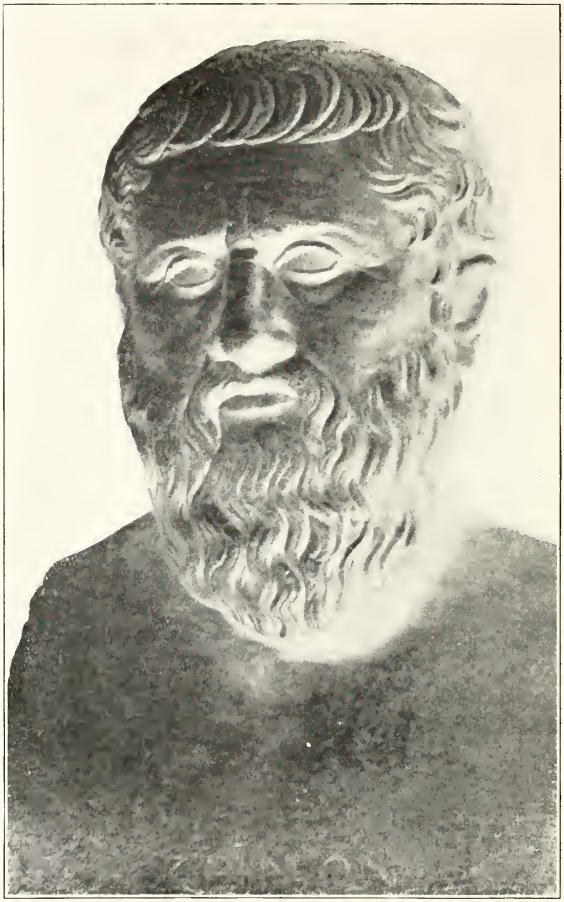

PLATO

From *Greek and Roman Portraits,* by Dr. Anton Hekler

Frontispiece to The Open Court

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THE ORIGINS OF PLATONIC DIALOGUE

BY JONATHAN WRIGHT

IN a preceding essay,[1] I have been at pains to deal with the legend of Socrates apropos of a recent book[2] by Professor Dupréel of the University of Brussels. Interwoven with the Socratic legend is the interesting question of the origin of Socratic and Platonic thought. However, we may look upon the problem of the Socratic legend it must be highly probable in the view of all thinking readers of the dialogues that the theories of Plato were wider and more inclusive of all the domains of thought than those traversed by his master in life.

A remark of Aristotle[3] leads us to suppose Socrates was chiefly concerned with ethical problems of general application. In this we infer he was engaged when he had Plato as a listener, for he is said to have applauded him. I prefer to believe it was Socrates and not Plato, unless they were the same in doctrine, when Aristotle writes of Socrates elsewhere.[4] He makes very abundant reference to Plato himself when his concern is wholly or chiefly with him. It is in the Ethics[5] we find Aristotle finding fault with Socrates for confounding virtue with prudence, not finding fault with Plato who wrote the dialogues in his early manner, where this is a prominent theme and there is every probability that Plato is there representing the thought of Socrates and copying much of his manner of dialectic. As we become familiar with the drift of thought in these early dialogues and then with that in those supposed to be the last Plato

[1] *The Open Court*, September, 1924.

[2] *La legende socratique et les sources de Platon, par Eugene Dupréel*, Buxelles, 1922.

[3] Aristotle, *Metaphysics*, I, vi.

[4] Aristotle, *Ethics*, VI, xiii.

[5] Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, I, ix; III, xviii.

wrote we find a different trend of it, a dimming of the figure of Socrates and a diminution in the art which is so seductive for us in his earlier works. This has its significance also for the so-called legend of Socrates, for it intimates to us that he it was who arrested the attention of his contemporaries and became, as he said, the midwife of thought for them. He doubtless had his part in the political and social and idealistic development of Plato also, for we see how these tendencies of thought are worked into the dialogues, attributed by critics to the middle period, with the ethical precepts of a great moral teacher as in the *Phaedo* for instance. Most of this is lost in the *Timaeus* and the *Laws*.

Plato's profound genius sounded the problematic depths of the universe as far as the intellect of man could then reach. Socrates, we feel, has his feet planted firmly on the ground of experience and with a secure hand must have traced out the relationship of man to his fellow man, not only as they actually are in life, but as they should be in a better life. In the early dialogues Plato, fresh from the hand of his master, presents these moralities to us. He labors with his art and illuminates them with his genius, but we can hardly miss the threads of a Socratic discourse, which he must have had in mind when he touched them with his magic and made them live for all time. This was the material with which Plato is supposed first to have worked. We can see him reshaping the weapon of dialectics Socrates taught him to use with the living voice. How vast the difference is between oratorical art or dialectic converse and literary art no intelligent reader need be told. The verbal flights from the platform or the club chair which so entranced us the night before, on the morrow in cold print aroused but a flicker of interest. We may be sure Plato never wrote as Socrates spoke, but we can see in our mind's eye both men supreme, the one in the propaganda of the street and the markets, which led to his death, and the other tracing his magic on his wax tablets for us. We can see Plato in the *Charmides* and the *Laches* trying to excel in the art of exposition of doctrine and writing to catch the roving interest of the man of the street in literature just as Socrates lay in wait for the veritable man in the street. He deals with simple themes, temperance, friendship, courage, love. They are pleasant subjects for discourse in the porticoes of the gymnasia and under the shade of trees by running brooks, but they can also, when appropriately dealt with, serve for primers in the schools. We see him then dealing with sterner topics, justice, duty, dying. He carries in the *Apologia* and the *Crito*, the

same art much heightened, an art shorn of its artlessness, which in the earliest work intrudes itself a little. It is replaced by the earnestness of maturer years in Plato, but the iron in the fibre of Socrates stands forth in a way that overwhelms us and masters our souls. It is indeed the height of art and on the pinnacle high in air dwells the ideal of the duty of man.

It is in the *Phaedo* we not only begin to part with Socrates, indeed in this is the death scene, but we seem there also to enter definitely into the idealism of Plato. It seems that this is the beginning of his later dialogues in which though Socrates is still the inquisitor, he begins to grow indistinct. How near this may be to the impressions of other more attentive students of Platonic thought or to its critical analysis I need not stop to inquire. It is very possible Socrates had himself much to say of the nature of the soul and the limits of knowledge. In the *Phaedo* we get perhaps his own speculations as to a future life as in the *Protagoras* and elsewhere we get his views as to the relativity of knowledge. We find in the *Phaedo* mingling with precepts as to the conduct of life, an idealism and speculation that transcends a little the plane of thought on which those who shape the moral destinies of the world usually rest. In the *Protagoras*, supposed to be an early dialogue, we find a questioning of the sources of knowledge, and in this as in many of the other dialogues a doubting as to whether virtue is something that can be taught or not.

We may imagine that idealistic territories also were opened by Socrates to Plato, but it seems more than probable that Plato was the one who explored them more thoroughly and pushed his inquiries to the limits of the knowable and as often into the unknowable. We must be permitted to doubt if Socrates led him so far. In the *Republic* and the *Laws* and the *Timaeus* we find the Socrates, whom we knew in the *Charmides* and the *Apologia* even, far from home. Time had blurred the image of the master a little and Plato was not as careful as formerly to see that the drapery suited it. Plato was old and had to look back through the mists of forty years at the beloved figure of Socrates. He had traversed a long distance and could not carry it as before. He could not let him go, but he could no longer make the vision shine with the thought with which he once irradiated it. He draped it with his own which was not entirely that of Socrates. We are in a vaster world than in the *Laches* and the *Lysis*, not a Socratic world but a Platonic world. If we can not

go all the way with Dupréel we are his debtors for making us aware of this.

Any student of Plato must thus outline, or somewhat thus, the origin and the growth of Socratic inspiration in Plato, its growth and development into his own thought. There is a dimming of the figure of Socrates and the luminosity of the intellect of Plato carries us to regions where the vision of Socrates is all but lost. I can make no pretense to any ability to add weight of my own to any view of the chronology of Plato's writings, but as they are ordinarily arranged this is the impression they make on me—a mighty intellect starting on its course in contact with a personality, semi-divine in the reverence he excited, wholly human in the passionate love he must have inspired in those spiritually able to know him, wholly sublime from either standpoint and not less so because to the heights on which Socrates himself dwelt he led a mighty genius by the hand. Most of us have to let Plato go without us to ethereal regions where our pinions fail us, but with Socrates as we thus envisage him we are at home.

It is thus a minor matter, but interesting nevertheless, to have Dupréel point out for us that though Socrates may have been a skilful sophist it was Plato polished the dialogue into the perfect weapon he places in the hand of Socrates. As we read the Socratic dialogue in the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon this is impressed upon us. When Plato, however, reaches the morasses of the *Phaedo* and the *Timaeus*, the craggy fastness of the *Republic* and the *Laws* it is not the perfect weapon of the early dialogues. The *Apologia* and the *Banquet* and, for me, the *Euthyphro*, in vastly different genres, are strokes of skill and nature and satire beyond anything since in the art of literature. Plato may have plundered Prodicus and Hesiod and borrowed ideas from Hippias and Gorgias, as Dupréel suggests, but he has moulded them anew into imperishable forms of art and Dupréel has not made it clear at all that the Socratic moral teachings came from any but Socrates in the convincing form in which they appeal to us. In no civilization that ever existed, in no social organization even of primitive men can certain fundamental rules of man's conduct towards man be violated without disaster and of course such precepts in Athens in Socrates' day were common property and had been for ages. You can pick out plenty of them in the discourses of Socrates, but under his hand they start forth to our consciousness with a new force and significance. I suppose the same thing might be said of the teachings of Christ. It

is quite aside from the divinity of either to accuse them of plagiarism on that account.

This is only in a degree less self-evident as to philosophy and one may easily admit that a priori it is evident never has philosophical thought "evolved" so much as the thought of Plato. The use thus of the word "evolved" is misapplied, always, if it is meant to indicate a parallel with biological phenomena. Thought does not grow from a mystic power of protoplasm and its heredity. It is par excellence the product of its environment. Its esoteric source may indeed be large or small because of inherited mentality, but it grows chiefly because it feeds on the observation of its environment and it drinks from a thousand rivulets that flow from external sources. The ability to do that is the first essential of the process of any thought at all and Plato's ability in this way was supreme. Of course, he fed on others' pasture land, who doesn't? It is quite apparent why Plato seems to have accomplished so much. His very seeming to have done so much is a suggestion in itself. The philosophy of others, of those who preceded him, perished mostly because they lacked the vitality of his genius. In itself it carried the multiplication of the resonance of his fame. But even if his genius *may* not have been a dominance in the world of thought of his day, which Dupréel with something which seems very like perverseness alone alludes to, in the very fact of the survival since his day we would still find reason to think it dominant for another reason. Let us wipe out all the records of philosophic thought before Herbert Spencer and most of the records of intellectual activity contemporary with his and very much of that which has followed his death in the last twenty years and a reader two thousand years hence might well think him the dominating philosopher, not of his day alone, but despite his shortcomings, of all time, so much would he seem to have originated. We may admit this adventitious prominence of Plato's fame, but surely we could not say either of Plato or of Herbert Spencer they added nothing new to what they heired. Dupréel seems to go to this extreme. Why should Plato simply because of his mastery in exposition be excluded from originality of philosophical thought?

Of the dialogues *On Virtue* and *On the Just Man* and of some other dialogues, also regarded by most editors as spurious, Dupréel seems to form an opinion as to their authenticity largely, I am afraid, from the exigencies of his argument. In that on *The Just Man* he finds an indication that "all sinning is due to ignorance" is

a precept older than Socrates or Prodicus either, and much less ascribable to Plato, who has the credit of launching it for all time under the caption that Virtue is Knowledge. As has been said this must have been a commonplace when the world was very young and no intelligent person can have thought for a moment that either Socrates or Plato originated it. To have passed it on to future generations in the glowing colors that clothe it in the genuine dialogues is sufficient for their fame. When however in the *Euthyphro* Socrates turns savagely on the self-satisfied young fellow in the Porch of the King Archon, come to inform on his father for having committed a capital offence and infringed the laws of the country, there is something else than a platitude involved. Every citizen owes everything to the State—far more at least than to the family. This was new only when primitive man was emerging from the patriarchate and must have been a familiar doctrine in Athens for centuries. There are, too, always a lot of smart Alecks eager to show a progressive spirit.

"Surely Socrates, you can not be engaged in an action before the King Archon, as I am," and he tells him that his father has killed a man and it is his duty to report him to the courts of justice.

"Your father! Good heavens, you don't mean that. I suppose the murdered man was one of your relatives."

Not at all, only a slave, but what difference does that make? Every citizen should not only obey the law, but the State demands every citizen should act in its enforcement.

When Socrates gets through with him the smug young man is in collapse. When Socrates asks him what is piety, what is patriotism, his complacency drags its plumes in the dust. His mentality is bewildered, his morale is wrecked.

"Speak out, my dear Euthyphro, and do not be abashed."

"Another time, Socrates, I want to go home now."

Socrates had given a lesson in the difficulty of deciding how to reconcile knowledge with virtue—how difficult it is to teach it in circles where cocksureness as to ethics is dominant. At another time and place we could find him urging that virtue is knowledge but here we see him, if not denying it, uncertain how to arrive at either. George Fox had to turn to the Inner Light and we find Socrates often listening attentively to his demon, who, though never telling him what to do, always was right in restraining him from doing wrong. For many of us who have neither to depend on, the lesson is scarcely less impressive.

It is plainly a rather far conjecture that Socrates' famous half jesting remark about himself Plato derived from the inscription on the temple at Delphi—"Know thyself." Out of this Dupréel supposes Plato invented the story of Chaerephon, a friend of Socrates, asking of the oracle who was the wisest man and being told it was Socrates. Of course, any one can believe this who chooses, there are none to deny it—or confirm it. There is some external evidence that there was a real Socrates put to death and that this was not because he went around Athens acknowledging he knew nothing, but because he was continually reminding other people and often publicly proving they knew nothing. There is nothing so surely leading to destruction as that and the report, fragmentary as it is, furnishes a very plausible explanation of any man's death. Insofar, feeble as it may be, it furnishes a support for the oracle story which the temple inscription suggestion does not.

The art of the sophist has come to mean the art of making the worse appear the better part, but that is not the full significance of the term. We have found Socrates in the *Euthyphro* turning on his own teaching and declaring there is no way of determining if virtue is knowledge or not, because we don't know what knowledge is. It is very likely the charge laid against the true Socrates was supported by evidence, if it was a question of impiety, providing the Platonic Socrates was the true Socrates. There was hardly a tenet, in the moral code at least, on which Socrates can not be found arguing at times for and at times against it. Such a sophist is one who examines impartially both sides of a question. The jurors could easily be convinced, no doubt, that he had said things in this process which were impious under the law in the common acceptation of the term. A skilful prosecutor could easily make them appear so. Plato spoke in defense of Socrates long after his death and one, in a way, is loath to believe the plea of Socrates could have been the masterly one Plato places in his mouth. No jury of real men, it would seem, could condemn a real Socrates after listening to that. Dupréel however fails to make this point in his otherwise searching attempt to prove Plato made his own Socrates.

Plato's life, so far as it is known to us, is involved in the political affairs of Sicily. There is so much reference in his dialogues to theory we have other intimation came from Sicily, it is a belief of most students of Plato that, if he did not acquire it in Sicily when he was there, he may well have got it from Sicilians in Athens. Dupréel is therefore in line with this belief in tracing one origin

of Plato's dialectics to Gorgias of Leontinum, who was a pupil of Empedocles, two generations older than Plato. Nevertheless one fails to see the specific connection chosen exactly. Empedocles was a great savant, a very great and a very long-winded poet and Gorgias was a very great orator and rhetorician whose dialogues were noted for their long-winded speeches. It might be said the Platonic dialogue originated in part as a reaction to this, since we find Socrates complaining ironically and begging his antagonist to cut it short as his memory is poor and in such long discourse he can not keep in mind at the last what was said at first and knew not what to reply in the *Gorgias*. I think he makes essentially the same remark more than once elsewhere, but as a matter of fact Socrates could string it out too, and does it in many places, especially in the dialogues of the later Platonic manner. The thrust at his antagonist in this strain is a disconcerting jibe, but scarcely to be considered as anything more. Gorgias did write dialogues with windy people as speakers no doubt, but we can hardly think of his being a model for Plato when the latter ridicules him and follows his longwindedness only when he pleases.

In the *Phaedrus*, however, he pointedly brings to our mind that the doubt engendered by dialectics is the blight of impassioned oratory. The hecklers frequently succeed in killing its force on our parliamentary platforms. We are reminded how the hecklings of Socrates set the politicians of Athens against him and it comes home to us that our own orators are frequently ready to hand such personages the cup. Could it have been different at Athens? The Platonic Socrates is a very natural and plausible Socrates. He spends some little time in the *Phaedrus* explaining to us that the orator to be eloquent must believe in the truth of his oratory, but it doesn't have to be the truth for all that. A man may grow eloquent quite as well over what is essentially false if he only mildly believes it true. He has not much use for eloquence. It is difficult to see any derivation of the Platonic dialogue from Gorgias in all this. However this influence of Gorgias on the development of the dialectic of Plato is not insisted upon. More emphasis is laid on the debt Plato owes to Hippias. He was a contemporary of Socrates and Protagoras and Dupréel is more earnestly set upon proving Plato got a minimum of inspiration from the former and a much larger derivation of theory and practise from the latter and from Prodicus, as well as from Hippias. Most of the information we have of these celebrities in Athens before Plato we have from

Plato and it is singular, as has been said, that Dupréel takes Plato's word about the works of those, whom he mentions incidentally and doubts his manifest avowal of Socrates as his teacher. Hippias and Protagoras both followed Gorgias in the fashion of long speeches in their dialogues but there is no necessity of repeating the objections one naturally feels for the view that Plato took either the long or the short form of speech in his dialogue from any of them.

The heckling of orators and the play of question and answer between pupil and teacher and the dialogue giving life to scenes on the stage are quite sufficient to have started the dialogue out of a discursive dialectic which possibly may have been an earlier form of philosophical argument. It may have received some impetus from the philosophic dialogue of the Sicilian stage. It is scarcely necessary to think of any one influence or to enumerate more of them in an age of such alert mentality as the fifth century B. C. in Athens.

If it seems fairly admitted that Plato represents Socrates essentially as he was in life in his moral teachings, if indeed his doctrines may be conjectured to have had some part in the political schemes of the later dialogues, this can not be claimed with any assurance for the physics and science so largely resting on Heraclitus and pretty surely it is impossible to think of Socrates originating any, or at least but a small fraction, of the metaphysics. These go back to Pythagoras and had a great development in the millennium following Plato in their neo-platonic tendencies. It is Socrates the moral teacher who stands pre-eminently forth as a divine figure for us of the modern world and not neo-platonism.

While Diogenes Laertius traces the origin of the Socratic dialogue back to Zeno and quotes Aristotle and Favorinus to the effect it originated with Alexamenus of Teos, Dupréel pushes it still further back to Epicharmus at Syracuse at the beginning of the fifth century B. C. Epicharmus was a native of Cos. It must have been somewhat near this time that Sophron was writing mimes in Syracuse in the epoch of Xerxes and Euripides. We lose the trail there and it seems almost permissible to believe that philosophy proper had its first exposition in the form of dialogue, while we get the first glimpses of science in the poetry of the predecessors of Empedocles, Parmenides and Xenophanes and others among the early nature philosophers.

Plato's *Ideas* as the true realities seem to have been discussed before Plato. Cicero and Diogenes Laertius after him attribute them

somewhat to Euclid of Megara. There is a verse attributed to Timon of Phlius, who lived a hundred years after Plato, charging the Megareans with a rage for dispute, but it is not at all clear that Euclid of Megara indoctrinated Plato with the ideas of Pythagoras any more than that Zeno at Elis began the discussion of philosophical subjects in the form of the Socratic dialogue.

Dupréel, who considers the *First Alcibiades* a genuine work of Plato, says that this as well as the second chapter of the III *Memorabilia* of Xenophon, the *Eryzias* and *The Rivals* are inspired from the same source and he thinks this source is the writings of Prodicus. the *Eryxias* being of an origin in the fifth century B. C., earlier than Plato. These have an interest for us inasmuch as they discuss the rich man and the uses of wealth in a spirit which is astonishingly up to date even for this early part of the twentieth century A. D.

"Gold and silver and all things which are reputed valuable would be useful only to him who knows how to make proper use of them." It follows then that only good and honest men can be truly rich, however many dollars the greed and avarice of bad men heap up for themselves. It can not make them rich. Dupréel remarks that while these ideas float more or less through the genuine Platonic dialogues, they nowhere receive the plain and unmistakable expression they do in the *Eryxias*. Plato, it may be said was a pedagogue who drew his clientèle from people who do not like to be reminded of these things. These the author of the *Eryxias*, who also makes Socrates his mouthpiece, ascribes specifically to Prodicus and in the dialogue the President of the College (to put it in modern phrase) comes forward and says such things are of no use to teach young men and in fact pernicious. Prodicus was fired, a sophist and a vain babbler. Since the sophist acquired chiefly his bad name Plato, we may presume this dialogue written after him, too, instead of before. In the *Eryxias* too a blow is delivered at imperialism which still more tends to put the dialogue after the disastrous expedition against Syracuse and not in the earlier part of the fiftlf century B. C.

Despite the fact that I have found, rather presumptively, much to criticize in this book of Dupréel's, I am sure he has rendered a great service in reopening and directing intelligent criticism to the dialogues of Plato, whatever their source and however much of a legend Socrates has become.

THE CULT OF EFFICIENCY

BY ROLAND HUGINS

THE decline of liberty is one of the outstanding facts of our time, and is no less significant because undiscerned by many and discussed by few. The institutions of society are being molded gradually but steadily in the direction of more rigid restraints. At the same time respect for liberty in the abstract, for liberty as an ideal, is declining even more rapidly than its practice. It is true that the new social forces hostile to individual rights, as they used to be called, do not have the field entirely to themselves, and that they are opposed and impeded by the more liberal traditions of a former day. But the resistance grows more and more feeble. Despite temporary repulses, the new forces push steadily forward, with liberty and individualism on the defensive and in retreat.

The old enthusiasm for freedom is yielding to the cult of efficiency. Social ideals seldom die of old age, or fade like dying fires. They are displaced by other ideals and new social values. The ascendant ideal in our day is the concept of social efficiency. Efficiency of the group and of the nation is admired not only as a shining marvel in itself, but as the miracle which produces our prosperity and our greatness. Before this latest god, with its two mighty arms of organization and machinery, the world really worships, whatever its ostensible creeds. Practically everyone is proud to be a unit in an efficient group, community, or nation; or if these aspirations seem too narrow, then a unit in an efficient civilization.

So penetrating are the currents of thought with which all persons are washed that even professed liberals yield to the new influences, and sacrifice liberty to efficiency with something like enthusiasm. To a degree that few people seem to realize this new idea has come to permeate the whole intellectual and emotional atmosphere of our time. It dominates our opinions on industry, morals,

war, politics, and progress. It has become a technique to be followed for its own sake, irrespective of the object in view, and without scrutiny of the consequences. The human mind is so constituted, apparently, that it must push a good idea too far, and turn a serviceable concept into a fetish, a superstition. Of course this obsession does not grip all temperaments with equal force, but it influences practically every one to some extent, since no one can quite escape the mental climate of the age in which he lives. Where in this day do we find any affirmative and burning faith in individual rights? What section of opinion has not been stirred by a zeal for some kind of social efficiency? Sparks from this blaze have fallen on all the camps, conservative and radical. You can trace its scorch on Communists, Laborites, Progressives, Liberals, Tories, Royalists, Fascisti. Many political groups which stand at swords points one to another really cherish aims which are fundamentally alike. Nations which would like to tear each other's eyes out are, in basic purposes, as identical as cats.

Of course real efficiency, as distinguished from pseudo-efficiency, has its place and utility. In factory or office, its apparatus of bookkeeping machines, time-motion studies, performance records; and its program for the routing work, standardization of equipment, and organization of personnel, combine to form a labor-saving device. Where thousands of employees, using great quantities of power and material, tending expensive machines, and fabricating complicated products, work together under one roof or under one management, co-ordination becomes a vital matter. Some particular arrangement of all these factors, human and mechanical, will in any given plant or organization prove to be the most economical and productive; and to discover this best arrangement is the business of the efficiency expert. But even here the application of efficiency requires special safeguards. Operations are often made so rapid and continuous that they strain human endurance. Labor unions have rightly protested against the excesses of scientific management, and have fought those drivers and pace-setters who strive to "squeeze the last drops of output from human effort." Moreover, all the overlords of efficiency, from Pullman to Ford, have shown an inclination to regulate the personal habits and the private affairs of the men on their payrolls. The excuse is obvious. What a workingman does in his leisure time may affect his productivity in working hours; and a little rashness in the pursuit of happiness may make him late the next morning. The employee is therefore forced to accept, under pain of los-

ing his job, a thinly disguised supervision of his pleasures, his morals and his expenditures. The attitude of these paternalistic employers is well illustrated by the order which was posted in all the plans, shops, and offices of Henry Ford sometime in July, 1924. This order read: "From this date on, dismissal, without opportunity for appeal, will be the penalty imposed on any man found to have the odor of beer, wine, or other liquor on his breath or to have intoxicants on his person or in his house." Ford succeeds even in outdoing Volstead.

The role of true efficiency is strictly limited. It is a methodology for getting some of the coarser and more material business of the world done expeditiously. From a labor-saving device, useful in its proper sphere, efficiency in our day has been expanded into an all-inclusive social ideal. Thus distended and misapplied, the gospel of social efficiency works grave mischief. It takes account of only one side of human nature. It has no place for light-heartedness, and abstracts from life its spontaneous and joyous elements. Our world grows progressively drabber, more somber, and more repressed. Parades, celebrations, and public spectacles become less frequent; fairs, carnivals, and festivals less gay. Any boisterous mirth or hilarity is viewed with suspicion. There are now many sections of the United States where a man or woman singing in the streets would literally be regarded as either drunk or insane. One would think that as life within working hours grew duller, less interesting, and more monotonous, every effort would be made to render life outside the factory and office more diverting and colorful. But no, the whole of existence must be subjected to a devastating routine. In this new dour world each person is expected as far as possible to follow a fixed schedule. He is to arise at the same hour each morning; he is to give eight or nine hours of concentrated labor; and at night he is to indulge only in a mild relaxation, such as a movie show or a radio concert. And this routine is to be maintained for years, broken only by an annual two weeks' vacation with pay. He is never to have a fling, never to let his spirit cavort. In short, human beings are to become automatoms, each with a maximum productive output. But such a life is unnatural, and revolts most people,—revolts all people in fact, except those few who are the quintessence of all the bourgeois virtues. The spirit of man grows restive under such complete regimentation. The soul will inevitably have its compensations, its relapses. If such dismal uniformity pre-

vails, all our social engineering will be insufficient to prevent the roof of society from caving in periodically.

The fetish of efficiency fosters a subtle depravity. Concentrating as it does on means rather than ends, it has no spiritual reality, and imposes, therefore, no restraint on any evil passion or debasing doctrine. Our age is supposedly an age of rationalism; yet religious bigotries, racial enmities, and nationalistic hatreds blaze as though fed with some secret fuel. And most disheartening of all is the growth of callousness to human suffering, especially a murderous insensibility to the horrors of war. Men now turn away from the picture of overcrowded and reeking hospitals behind the battle-lines with a shrug. But they are captivated by the spectacle of a modern army on the move, advancing with its tanks and artillery, with its streams of infantry and equipment, accompanied by squadrons of aircraft, all highly disciplined and articulated. The worship of efficiency leads directly to a reverence for force. Men now admire the strong organization, and at the apex of their admiration stands the Great State: the powerful nation self-sufficient in economic resources and machinery; panoplied with military and naval armaments; commanding the services of scientists, engineers, and every type of expert; alert to act in emergencies, and irresistible in war. This vision has captured the imagination of the modern man.

And here, doubtless, we have the key to a paradox which the events of the last ten years have made evident. The paradox lies in the gap between intentions and deeds, and between expectations and results. It is indeed odd that the so-called liberal democracies so often prove to be, in action, quite as imperialistic as avowed autocracies. It is indeed curious that so-called radical parties, when voted into power, are constrained to proceed, in their own fashion, quite as ruthlessly as the conservative parties which they displace. There appears to be some element of bewilderment in the minds of statesmen which prevents them from following their better judgment. There appears to be some under-drag of unreason in public opinion which compels peoples to act contrary to their own interests. The anomoly is an inevitable result of the attempt to straddle two conflicting sets of principles. Both leaders and electorates, while paying lip service to liberal doctrines, are really hypnotized by the ideal of the efficient, self-sufficient state. They intend to be pacific and magnanimous, most assuredly; but first they must have "security." Security implies, among other things, economic solidarity. Tariff barriers are erected to protect all "essential" industries. If

the nations do not possess at home the raw materials necessary for self-sufficiency, they reach out for exclusive resources abroad. A measure of self-government is granted to subject peoples only to be snatched back when the agitation for independence grows dangerous. Of course, this line of policy leads on and on. Colonies must be protected; sea lanes must be guarded; and navies must be provided with bases, fuel stations, and oil reserves. It is impossible for nations, any more than men, to serve two masters.

Some nations, naturally, have travelled further along the road to the new regimentation than others. The United States is undoubtedly the chief exemplar of efficiency. In America we are mad really: we think so much about processes, and pay so little attention to the art of living. When Europeans inveigh against the "Americanization" of the world, they refer to just this sweep toward uniformity and standardization. But Europeans deceive themselves if they imagine America to be the spring of that flood which actually wells from the spirit of the age. America is not more its exponent than its victim; and while efficiency in practice has been applied more drastically in the United States than in Europe, efficiency as a national ideal seems to have been envisioned more sharply in Europe than in the United States. France under every type of party government is intent on the task of knitting her European and African domains into an impregnable economic and military unit. Great Britain is busily cementing and consolidating her vast industrial and imperial power. The British, however, with their inveterate fondness for standing (at one and the same time) on both sides of every matter of principle, like to fancy that they can achieve modern efficiency on the one hand, and retain individualism and muddle on the other. It is an idle hope. Germany transformed herself within a generation from a land of philosophers, toy makers, and music masters into a huge machine, equally well organized for industry or war, and effective in marshalling all the physical and psychic energies of her people. Although Germany found that efficiency was not enough, and came to disaster, the world, including Germany, has not learned the lesson. The trend toward national efficiency is nowhere long retarded. The Western world moves together; and although some nations may spurt here and other nations lag there, they all drift along in the same direction, like a band of boys advancing down a road. Furthermore, the thought of the Orient turns more and more into the ways already channeled by the West. What America and Europe are in this generation, China

and India will become in the next. The East will protest, will resist. But Japan has shown the way.

The ideal of efficiency has gained so tyrannical a hold over the modern mind, and its ramifications and inferences are so numerous and pervasive, that any effort to break its spell seems for the present almost hopeless. It is extremely difficult for any epoch to shake itself free from its superstitions, or, indeed, even to admit that it entertains superstitions. In every age people flatter themselves that their opinions are based on experience and on demonstrable facts; and they atttribute superstitions only to past times and backward races. Lecky wrote: "It is often and truly said, that past ages were pre-eminently credulous, as compared with our own, yet the difference is not so much in the amount of credulity, as in the direction which it takes." In the Middle Ages men were obsessed by the supernatural; they believed in the daily presence of good and evil spirits, in Satanic wiles, and in miraculous intervention for the deliverance of the faithful. Miracles now seem to most people rare and remote. Yet in mediaeval times these doctrines were cherished not only by the masses of the people, but by scholars, philosophers, and jurists. "There is a character of ages, as well as of nations," said Walter Bagehot. When once a congeries of ideas and emotions, congenial to the circumstances of a particular era, gets into motion, it rolls on like a flood, and carries all before it.

Broadly speaking, one might say that since the fall of the Roman Empire there have been three great historical epochs, each one of them characterized by distinctive modes of thought and feeling. In the medieval period men's minds were engrossed by religion and theology. This might be called the age of Other Worldliness. The intolerable abuses of power by feudal state and church led to a period of revolt and of emancipation. The rationalistic movement and the democratic movement were the major currents in the four centuries between the beginning of the sixteenth century and the end of the nineteenth century. This might be called the age of Liberalism. Then began the age of Efficiency. Surely it is one of the ironies of history that, having striven for four hundred years to free themselves from the shackles of old institutions, old customs, old ideas, men have chosen in the fulness of their deliverance to embrace the pseudo-ideal of social efficiency. The age of Efficiency was preceded by thirty or forty years of transition, and really began, if one must select a date, with 1914. How long it will last no one can foretell.

Certain social philosophers, without hitting the nail exactly on the head, have deplored "the triumph of mechanism over mankind." A rebellious repudiation of the machine and all its works finds voice in the writings of celebrated critics of the modern order, who blame the machine for both the barbarity of war and the materialism of peace, and who urge man to revolt against this monster which he himself has created. But if strictures of this sort are to be taken seriously then the only sensible thing for us to do is to demolish our factories and power plants, cut our wires and cables, tear up our railroads, and sink our steamships. Such an orgy of tool-smashing would be literalism gone mad. Smelters and steel mills do not in some mystic manner now compel men to do evil, any more than Gothic cathedrals in former times forced men to use the rack and faggot. Destruction of our physical paraphernalia would not remedy the world's intellectual anarchy.

Ideas, and ideas alone, alter fundamental human relationships. What is bringing us to a new order of society and a new type of civilization is the many-sided idea of social efficiency. We march toward social regimentation by definite steps. The laws, the so-called reforms, the institutional changes, which mark our advance, are not fortuitous accidents, but products of intention and will. Those who advocate or countenance the successive encroachments on liberty may not in all instances clearly see the goal toward which they are pressing. But they help to make arrival at the goal certain, and to hasten the day when a new absolutism shall have made robots of workers, and helots of citizens, in the name of efficiency and progress.

THE SYNTHETIC ART

AN EXPOSITION OF THE AESTHETIC OF HAVELOCK ELLIS

BY ARNOLD GINGRICH

IN WORDS that have become, through promiscuous blurb use, widely known, Mencken has termed Havelock Ellis "the most civilized Englishman living today." The appellation is a happy one, for it is with civilization, or conscious fine-living, that Ellis has all his life been chiefly concerned. In characterizing Hutcheson as "an open-minded eclectic who insisted that life itself is the great matter," he made a phrase which applies, with equal aptness, to himself. Havelock Ellis has been, throughout a career remarkable for its success in widely diversified special fields, most of all a connoisseur of those things which tend to raise and ennoble the life of man. His aim has been the achievement of a *practical* vision of the world as beauty, a harmonious arrangement of life under the conditions of our day, and the one instrument he has deemed adequate to the attainment of this goal is the method of art. That living is or may be an art, and that the method of the artist is essential to the really successful life, is the fundamental thesis underlying Ellis' entire body of work. Years ago, in the *New Spirit*, he gave his first expression to this thesis in a passage which is essentially in tune with his latest, and definitive, formulation of this idea:

It is by art and religion that men have always sought rest. Art is a world of man's own making, in which he finds harmonious development, a development that satisfies because framed to the measuring-rod of his most delicate senses. Religion is the anodyne cup—indeed of our own blood—at which we slake our thirst when our hearts are torn by personal misery, or weary and distracted by life's heat and restless hurry. At times, the great motor instincts of our nature, impelling us by a force that we cannot measure or control, cause us to break up our dainty house of art, or to dash down bravely the cup of healing. But we shall always return to them

again; they, too, represent an instinct at the root of our being. In the recognition of this harmony lies the secret of all wise living. . . . For art is nothing less than the world as we ourselves make it, the world remolded nearer to the heart's desire. In the construction of a world around us, in harmonious response to all our senses, we have at once a healthful exercise for our motor activities, and the restful satisfaction of our sensory needs. Art, as no mere hyperaesthesia to external impressions, or exclusive absorption in a single sense, but as a many-sided and active delight in the wholeness of things, is the great restorer of health and rest to the energies distracted by our turbulent modern movements. Thus understood, it has the firmest of scientific foundations; it is but the reasonable satisfaction of the instinctive cravings of the organism.

To the student of orthodox, or formal, aesthetics certain of the above phrases come as a distinct shock. Considerations of art as a "restorer of health," as a "reasonable satisfaction" with the "firmest of scientific foundations" are apt to fall strangely upon ears accustomed to the aesthetician's hymns to the autonomy of beauty and the disinterested freedom of the art experience. But looking further into his work we shall find that the "art" of his discourses upon fine-living is not necessarily the "art" of his aesthetic discussions, and although he considers art and aesthetics "fundamentally the same," he makes very important distinctions between the artistic attitude and the aesthetic attitude, between the creative and the contemplative. Thus it will be profitable, in fact, necessary, to pick our way carefully through the main body of his work, and in the passages dealing with art attempt to settle, if possible, the sense in which the word is used.

We find that the word "art" refers now to the objects of aesthetic contemplation, to the "special arts," and again to the synthetic art which these "special arts" subserve, the whole "art of living." For although Havelock Ellis is perhaps the most readable of all modern "serious" writers, even the clarity of his very excellent style is not always of sufficient efficacy to obviate the reader's wish that these "arts" could be distinguished as "art" and "art-prime." At the same time, separating this art that is the art-of-living base from the art that is "just art," will be rewarded by the possession of two sets of art dicta, the juxtaposition of which will give us the presentation, on the one hand, of certain essential aspects of the art-of-living thesis, and on the other, at least a partial statement of Ellis' ideas in the realm of aesthetics as such.

Thus, abandoning for a time continuity, let us look among his different books for discussions of art which may tend to make more clear the exact meaning of portions of the later "aesthetics of action," as opposed to aesthetics of contemplation.

All literary art lies in the arrangement of life.

. . . There is no connection between coarseness and art.

Is not a certain aloofness essential to our vision of the Heaven of Art?

In a certain sense there is more in the tremulously faint and far reflection of a thing than there is in the thing itself. The dog who preferred the reflection of his bone in the water to the bone itself, though from a practical point of view he made a lamentable mistake, was aesthetically justified. . . . Aloofness is essential to the Beatific Vision. If we entered its portals, Heaven would no longer be Heaven.

. . . That perpetual slight novelty in which lies the secret of life, as well as of art.

. . . A certain outward idleness, a semi-idleness, as Nietzsche said, is the necessary condition for a real religious life, for a real aesthetic life, for any life on the spiritual plane.

All the art of living lies in a fine mingling of letting go and holding on.

Every artist writes his own autobiography. Even Shakespeare's work contains a life of himself for those who know how to read it.

In its chief but rarer aspect literature is the medium of art, and as such can raise no ethical problems. Whatever morality or immorality are may hold is quiescent, or lifted into an atmosphere of radiant immortality where questioning is irrelevant.

It may be observed that the atmosphere into which genius leads us, and indeed all art, is the atmosphere of the world of dreams.

Dreaming is . . . one of our roads into the infinite. And it is interesting to notice how we obtain it—by limitation.

All the matters that enter into courtship tend to fall under the sway of art; their aesthetic pleasure is a secondary reflection of their primary vital joy.

He [Lao Tze] recognized that ceremony is subordinate in the scheme of life, as colour is in a picture, the picture being the real thing.

For the sphere in which ceremonies act is Man's external life; his internal life is the sphere of Music.

Some of the items of this mélange are obvious enough almost to require apology for inclusion, being recognizable counters of innumerable aesthetic discussions; others, seemingly slight and insignificant observations, are important in conjunction with the author's later expressions. In the *Dance of Life,* the latest and, probably, the definitive, presentation of Ellis' outlook on the world, he has

set up the dance as the model on which to pattern our lives. "For dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts, because it is no mere translation or abstraction from life; it is life itself." Now as an aesthetic deliberation on the dance as an art-form, this jars; it is out of tune with previous statements of the relation of art and life. What art, indeed, has Ellis found to be a mere translation or abstraction from life? Then, too, one senses here the beginning of a difficulty. Granting the idea he is propounding, that "life is a dance," it may seem sheer dunderheadedness to object that the equation is not operative both ways, that "a dance is life" is not equally tenable. And yet, in Ellis' casuistic system this objection may prove, where successions of such dicta are related, a real difficulty. To return, then, life is a dance, our discipline is the strenuous discipline of the dancer, our method of living the method of the dancer who selects from among the possible motions that present themselves as confused, disordered possibilities, only those which blend beautifully in a perfect harmony, in a rhythm best in accord with the fundamental rhythm of the body itself. Here, too, the aesthetic pleasure may be a secondary reflection of the primary vital joy, but the matter tends to fall under the sway of art. This ruling of life by the spirit and method of art, Ellis holds to be the natural manifestation of a fundamental *élan,* or, to check up on the earlier statement of *The New Spirit,* an "instinct at the root of our being." And art in turn is simply the most vital expression of that impulse, though the impulse is contained in other aspects of man's life. To quote:

> Religion, or the desire for the salvation of our souls, Art, or the desire for beautification, Science, or the search for the reason of things—these conations of the mind, which are really three aspects of the same profound impulse, have been allowed to furrow each its own narrow separate channel, in alienation from the others, and so they have all been impeded in their greater function of fertilizing life.
>
> All these various elements of life are but, as it were, allotropic forms of the same element. The most fundamental among these forms is that of art, for life in all its forms, even morality in the narrowest sense, is, as Duprat has argued, a matter of technique, and technique at once brings us to the elements of art.

Within the small scope of these two paragraphs there has already occurred opportunity for some confusion simply in the use of the word "art." First it is used in the sense in which we most often think of it, as the desire for beautification, as such. Later, "tech-

nique brings us to the elements of art." Here, does not the word have more nearly the meaning of making, or practice? In addition, there is the suggestion that it has, whatever it is, been impeded by alienation from religion and science in its greater function of the fertilization of life. In one case, to fall back upon a phrase used elsewhere in the book, "we are concerned only with the primary stuff of art, the bare simple technique of the human dance," and in the other we are discussing two aspects of art as we are acquainted with it. Later on in the book, this statement throws some light on the meaning toward which the word is tending in its use as representative of the ideal synthesis of the "profound impulses":

Herbert Spencer pointed out, in his early essay on *The Genesis of Science*, that science arose out of art, and that even yet the distinction is "purely conventional," for "it is impossible to say when art ends and science begins." Spencer was here using "art" in the fundamental sense according to which all practice is in the nature of art.

Again:

Dr. Charles Singer . . . now defines science, no longer as a body of organized knowledge, but as "the process which makes knowledge," as "knowledge in the making"; that is to say, "the growing edge between the known and the unknown." As soon as we thus regard it, as a *making* process, it becomes one with art.

We see now that this new casuistry is acquiring a vocabulary all its own, lending new meanings to old words, though not always constant meanings, and occasionally the old meanings come into view. As a matter of fact, much of our acceptance or rejection of Ellis' system depends upon our willingness to accept it as a word-structure. For an integral part of Ellis' system is found in the fact that its growth has been characterized, if, indeed, not accomplished, by a continual slight inconsistency in the matter of things we should have expected to consider, as being axiomatic, unchanging. To this we shall be obliged again to have recourse. As an example of the extent to which word-building on foundations at once relative and, somehow, mutable, is wrapped up in the process of seeing life as an art, we may look at this development of "morals," with its attendant seeming-tangle on "discipline":

We are, indeed, simply concerned with a discipline or routine which in this field is properly described as "custom," and the word "morals" essentially means "custom." That is what morals must always be for the mass, and, indeed, to some extent for all, a dis-

cipline, and, as we have already seen, a discipline cannot properly be regarded as a science or an art.

Yet, . . . there is still some interest in the question of morals. For, after all, there is the small body of individuals ahead, alertly eager to find the road, with a sensitive flair for all the possibilities the future may hold. When the compact majority, blind and automatic and unconscious, follows after, to tramp along the road these pioneers have discovered, it may seem but a dull road. But before they reached it that road was interesting, even passionately interesting.

The reason is that, for those who, in any age, are thus situated, life is not merely a discipline. It is, or may become, really an art.

But again:

For the artist life is always a discipline, and no discipline can be without pain, etc.

Finally:

Insofar as we can infuse it with the spirit and method of art, we have transformed morality into something beyond morality; it has become the embodiment of the dance of life.

Stickling for literalness, we might refuse to go on until made certain whether "morals" is an art or a discipline, or both, or if one, how not the other; on the other hand, we must remember that the *Dance of Life* is a book written by one who holds that thinking, too, is fundamentally an art and an art-process. In art "the continual slight inconsistency" is not, really, inconsistent. Ellis, as he himself both intends and realizes, stands "on Philosophy's threshold"—and in the Age of Relativity. Too, he owes much of his method to Hans Vaihinger, the philosopher of the fictional, of the *"Als Ob,"* to whom thinking is a regulated error—which applies, very aptly, to art. And by his own standards and indeed by those of the age, his method is, for its purpose, justified. "The diversity of the Many is balanced by the stability of the One. That is why life must always be a dance, for that is what a dance is: perpetual slightly varied movements which are yet always held true to the shape of the whole." Thus, at least, until we have envisioned the whole of which these fragments of his thought are but evolutionary parts, we must, even though grumblingly, go on.

Thus we must pursue still further the art-quality which Ellis sees at the base of man's related central impulses, and the regulation of these impulses by the spirit and method of art, which he considers essential to the achievement, in the dance of life, of a civiliza-

tion in beauty. At the risk, and indeed it is the desire, of disappearing entirely from the picture, I shall let the words be his own, for after all the thesis is his, and is best presented by him; only the contemplation and the criticism should be mine. First of all, either the subordination, or the inclusion, of thinking, or, as the "search for the reasons of things," science, to this larger synthetic "art," must be accounted for:

The world is an unrelated mass of impressions, as it first strikes our infant senses, falling at random on the sensory mechanism, and all appearing as it were on the same plane. For an infant the moon is no farther away than his mother's breast, even though he possesses an inherited mental apparatus fitted to coordinate and distinguish the two. It is only when we begin to think, that we can arrange these unrelated impressions into intelligible groups, and thinking is thus of the nature of art.

We have arrived again at Vaihinger, who points out, as Ellis quotes:

"Even when we walk, it is only by a series of regulated errors, a perpetual succession of falls to one side and the other side." Our whole progress through life is of the same nature: all thinking is a regulated error. For we cannot, as Vaihinger insists, choose our errors at random or in accordance with what happens to please us; such fictions are only too likely to turn into deadening dogmas: the old *vis dormitiva* is the type of them, mere husks that are of no vital use and help us not at all. There are good fictions and bad fictions just as there are good poets and bad poets. It is in the choice and regulation of our errors, in our readiness to accept ever-closer approximations to the unattainable reality, that we think rightly and live rightly. We triumph insofar as we succeed in that regulation. "A lost battle," Foch, quoting De Maistre, lays down in his *Principes de Guerre*, "is a battle one thinks one has lost"; the battle is won by the fiction that is won. It is so also in the battle of life, in the whole art of living. Freud regards dreaming as fiction that helps us to sleep; thinking we may regard as fiction that helps us to live. Man lives by imagination.

Imagination is thus a constitutive part of all thinking. We may make distinctions between practical scientific thinking and disinterested aesthetic thinking. Yet all thinking is finally a comparison. Scientific fictions are parallel with aesthetic fictions. The poet is the type of all thinkers: there is no sharp boundary between the region of poetry and the region of science. Both alike are not ends in themselves, but means to higher ends.

"Not ends in themselves, but means to higher ends"; that is not the statement of an aesthetician, but of an aesthetic moralist. Poetry is a special art, which subserves the higher end of "fine liv-

ing," itself an art. But as for the preceding portion, *is* it "ever-closer approximations to the unattainable reality" that we seek in art? This is, it is true, in harmony with Ellis' earlier and aesthetically not incontrovertible statement that the picture is the real thing, but it is not in harmony with the statement that aloofness is essential to the beatific vision, nor that the atmosphere into which all art leads us is the atmosphere of the world of dreams. Perhaps there is in his mind the Platonic ideal good, or the thing-in-itself of Schopenhauer, but that is traveling from the psychological field into the metaphysical, which Ellis has professed to avoid. The solution suggests itself that, whereas he considers art and aesthetics fundamentally the same, he does not feel the same about the new synthetic art of which the very stuff and fibre is life itself. At any rate, the field of what this new art may be, and still remain an art, or Art, is narrowing.

Referring to this power of fiction on human action, he draws this conclusion from the consideration of the two great fictions of the modern world, the Platonic Socrates, the artistic creation of Plato, and the Christian Jesus, the artistic creation of his disciples:

When we look back at the spiritual history of Europe it may become possible to say that its two supreme figures, the Martyr of Philosophy and the Martyr of Religion, were both—however real the two human persons out of which they were formed—the work of man's imagination. For there on the one hand we see the most accomplished of European thinkers, and on the other a little band of barbarians, awkwardly using the same Greek language, working with an unconscious skill which even transcends all that conscious skill could have achieved, yet both bearing immortal witness to the truth that the human soul only lives truly in art and can only be ruled through art. So it is that in art lies the solution of the conflicts of philosophy. There we see Realism, or the discovery of things, one with Idealism or the creation of things. Art is the embodied harmony of their conflict.

The treatment of the art of religion in the *Dance of Life* is the outgrowth of the idea expressed so long ago in *The New Spirit*, that "there is a religion of science":

If science and mysticism are alike based on fundamental instincts appearing spontaneously all over the world; if, moreover, they naturally tend to be embodied in the same individual, in such a way that each impulse would seem to be dependent upon the other for its full development; then there can be no ground for accepting any disharmony between them. The course of human evolution involves a division of labour, a specialization of science and of mysticism

along special lines and in separate individuals. But a fundamental antagonism of the two, it becomes evident, is not to be thought of; it is unthinkable, even absurd. If at some period in the course of civilization we seriously find that our science and our religion are antagonistic, then there must be something wrong either with our science or our religion. Perhaps not seldom there may be something wrong with both. For if the natural impulses which normally work best together are separated and specialized in different persons, we may expect to find a concomitant state of atrophy and hypertrophy, both alike morbid. The scientific person will become atrophied on the mystical side, the mystical person will become atrophied on the scientific side. Each will become morbidly hypertrophied on his own side. But the assumption that, because there is a lack of harmony between opposing pathological states there must also be a similar lack of harmony in the normal states, is unreasonable.

It is important to observe that although Ellis subserves these related impulses to the one profound impulse of art, he does not confuse them. He does not say that art *is* science, that science *is* religion, he is careful to preserve their distinct natures; he says merely, science is of the nature of art, religion is of the nature of art; therefore there can be, for instance, an art of religion.

It is a harmony that rests on the faith that they are eternally separate, however close, however intimately co-operative. When the mystic professes that, as such, he has knowledge of the same order as the man of science, or when the scientist claims that, as such he has emotion which is like that of the man of religion, each of them deceives himself. . . . Science, by itself, good or bad, can never be religion, any more than religion by itself can ever be science, or even philosophy.

The question of the difference between the aesthetic action of living as an art and the passive contemplation implied in the science of aesthetics, has not yet been resolved:

On the background of general aesthetic judgment we have to concentrate on the forces of creative artistic activity, whose work it is painfully to mould the clay of moral action, and to forge its iron, long before the aesthetic criterion can be applied to the final product. The artist's work in life is full of struggle and toil; it is only the spectator of morals who can assume the calm aesthetic attitude. Shaftesbury, indeed, evidently recognized this, but it was not enough to say, as he said, that we may prepare ourselves for moral action by the study of literature. One may be willing to regard life as an art, and yet be of the opinion that it is as unsatisfactory to learn the art of living in literature as to learn, let us say, the art of music in architecture.

For all art is, primarily, not a contemplation but a doing, a creative action, and morality is so pre-eminently.

Aestheticism, as found in the influence of Pater, Ellis weighed for his purpose years ago, and found it incomplete, inadequate to our life today. He found it admirable for what it was, and it is doubtless true that he was inspired to his vigorous creative aesthetic ideal by the beauty of the contemplative aesthetic valuation of the world in *Marius the Epicurean,* but of a "refined development of the passive sensory sides of the human organism with corresponding atrophy of the motor sides," he said, in *The New Spirit,* that "it is clearly impossible to go any farther on that road."

The material is pretty well before us, and at least we are certain of some of the things that this "art" of the "art of life" is not. But to some people it is no more possible to think of art without thinking of genius than to think of smoke without fire. And the place of genius in this art of governing our everyday life has not yet been considered.

"All genius must work without rest, it cannot do otherwise; only the most happily constituted genius works without haste." Haste, certainly, and a disproportionate attention to one aspect of life, is not the method of art that Ellis has in mind for the average man to whom he advises the governing of life by the method of art. His concern, as stated earlier in this paper, is with the harmonious arrangement of the life we are forced to live in a complex world with the vital needs and capabilities of the average human organism. "There is room, after all, for the sturdy bourgeois laborer who, at the end of a hard life in the service of truth, sits down to enjoy his brown beer and Haydn's quartettes, and to repeat his homely confession of faith in the world as he sees it."

Well, then, if every man is not to become a genius, and yet is to be a good artist in an art that gives range to the profound basic instincts rooted in his being, just what is the nature of this "art"? If genius is not to be automatically infused in the requisite amounts, what is there to distinguish this "art" from a craft? Where is the "art" element contained? And if this art is to be a *practical* vision of the world as beauty, where does beauty as the beauty of art enter in? These are the questions which make necessary a careful analysis of the evolution of the word "art" as used in Ellis.

First of all, is this art of living merely an elaborated revival of the crafts ideal so often sighed for?

The diffused aesthetic sense is correlated with a diffused artistic instinct, based on craftsmanship. . . . William Morris was a pioneer in asserting this association. As a distinguished English writer, Mr. Charles Marriott, the novelist and critic, clearly puts the modern doctrine, "the first step is to absorb, or reabsorb, the 'artist' into the craftsman. . . . Once agreed that the same aesthetic considerations which apply to painting a picture apply, though in a different degree, to painting a door, and you have emancipated labor without any prejudice to the highest art. . . . A good surface of paint on a door is as truly an emotional or aesthetic consideration as 'significant form,' indeed, it *is* 'significant form'." Professor Santayana has spoken in the same sense: "In a thoroughly humanized society everything—clothes, speech, manners, government—is a work of art." It is, indeed, the general tendency today and is traceable in Croce's later writings.

The danger is immediately evident: far from effecting a reconciliation in the time-old divorce between daily life and art, the new ideal vision of life is apt to be even farther removed from harmony with the scheme of life as we are today obliged to live it, than is the heaven of art itself. Ellis, who repeats at the very outset the Heraclitean saying that no man bathes twice in the same stream, ought of all people best to realize that to prescribe craftsmanship to us of today is like telling us to cool our faces in last winter's snow. But it has been, as we observed, just on this point of the autonomy of art that his structure has once or twice had a suspicious look, as we observed in considering his subjection of certain beauties to "higher ends." The dance indeed, though composed of the very stuff of life, is an art because it is not purposive, and is an end in itself; now if Ellis' dance of life can be shown to be free, and an end in itself, then indeed this way of life is an art, but it is upon the proving of this that that art, as an art, depends.

The idea of the uses of the fictional enters again. Do not hold too tenaciously to familiar axioms, for:

> Your business is to invent a truth which shall harmoniously satisfy the need of your nature and aid your efficiency in practical life. There is no transcendent objective truth; each one of us is an artist erecting his own truth from the phenomena presented to him, but if in that creation he allows any alien emotional or practical consideration to influence him he is a bad artist, and his work is wrought for destruction.

This is essentially of the nature of art, in that one should seek form in one's thought but never formula, being content that a resembling unlikeness to the world that has the virtue of harmonizing

with one's nature is a satisfactory truth. The objection is that this is essentially that which genius accomplishes in the achievement of art, and that to set it down unqualifiedly as a working principle calls for the artist's ability to an extent hardly to be expected of everyone. Thus, in this respect life is, as an ideal, an art. In other words, it resolves itself pretty much into this: For the artist in living, life is an art. More general than that one cannot, with assurance, be.

As a general principle, outside of the accidents of genius, one cannot give to this art, with assurance, a quality of beauty befitting a fine art, because upon the artist depends the beauty of his work of art. One can simply say that the method and spirit of art are as beautifully adapted to living as to any of the "special arts," and that is certainly to be conceded. One can say that by the methods of art an art of life may be achieved, but it is like saying that by the handling of a violin bow beautiful music may be produced. In the hands of an artist of nature the art of life of which Ellis speaks might well be one of the finest arts. But as for the "art" to which we have tried applying, as general principles, the qualities of art as it means beatitude to man, that "art" has been used all along in the sense, whether willingly or not, in which all practice is art. The method and spirit of art he has shown to be amenable to the practice of life; for the result one can say only that it would vary from unsuccessful attempts at a paradoxical ascetic-hedonism to a life beautifully proportioned and wrought as a flower. The latter, when the methods prescribed are put into practice by another Leonardo.

Ellis has shown that art as finely selective "doing" is the most fundamental instinct of man's nature. On this may be raised an aesthetics of hope. Meanwhile Art is elusive as ever, mocking us from afar with that fine beauty which makes attempts to catch her with words at once so ridiculously futile and so unceasingly attractive.

The problem of fine living except as an all-too-rare bloom on the dull level path of human life is much the same for Ellis as it was fifty years ago; it has simply become increasingly elaborate under careful thought. Of the path of that achievement from *The New Spirit* to *The Dance of Life* his own words spoken of the two poles of Nietzsche's endeavor, are fair and sufficient: "It would be foolish to regard either of the termini as the last outpost of wisdom. But in the passage between these two points many excellent things are said by the way."

THE DOCTRINE OF DOUBLE TRUTH

BY J. C. MCKERROW

MIND is an appearance—an unreal appearance—suggested by the modes of activity of living things. For the plain man, consciousness is an inevitable and unrecognized assumption. He finds himself conscious as naturally as he finds the world external.

It is only necessary, however, to consider living-activity with sufficient philosophical innocence to see that consciousness *is* an assumption. And once that position is attained it is not difficult to account for the facts of life on other and less debatable grounds. The value of an assumption is to lay the problems that haunt us, but the assumption of consciousness raises rich crops of them. My account of life may be found in *the appearance of mind;* here I need only say that it dispenses altogether with the notion of consciousness, regarding plants and animals as manifestations of activity occurring according to laws which can be formulated in non-subjective terms. Whether or not it is an advance, scientifically, to regard men and monkeys as manifestations of activity occurring according to law rather than as conscious subjects acting according to the imaginations of their own hearts, depends on whether the new account is more explanatory than the old, whether it solves more problems than the old, while not raising worse new ones. Emphatically it does not depend on whether we like it or not. We did not like being ousted from the central position in the universe; we are not likely to welcome the proposition that, as persons, we do not exist at all.

If the notion of the conscious subject is a mistaken one, philosophically, it follows that knowledge, as an attribute of the subject, is also illusion, philosophically. Now this is not new in philosophy. The arguments of philosophers of all kinds continually lead them towards scepticism. But they simply say, "But this leads to scepti-

cism" (lately they say "to pragmatism"; behaviorism has not yet attained the dignity of being mentioned to be rejected) and forthwith try another line. That is to say, the possibility of knowledge, real knowledge, is held by philosophers to be beyond question—a sad lack of philosophical innocence—presumably because to do otherwise they would deny themselves. But it is surely not an unfamiliar paradox if I suggest that, for a philosopher, to lose his soul, his subjectivity, is the only way to find it. Doubtless it is especially hard for a philosopher to give up his knowledge; he has great possessions.

Speculation by no mean involves a speculator, activity an actor. The increasing insight of science into the activities of nature has banished the whole cast of *dramatis personae* who played before our primitive ancestors. But the play goes on. And I may banish myself and still continue to speculate on the nature of things, without absurdity.

It has been said that Kant's pure reason is scepticism and his practical reason the contradiction of it. So far as his pure reason led him towards scepticism, so far he was right; but there he went wrong. Having arrived at scepticism, he took it for granted that the pure reason was not in all cases applicable and thereupon asserted the authority of the practical reason. This was simply the plain man's prejudice asserting itself; in the language of Paul, one might say, it was the old Adam intruding.

Having reached an objective scepticism, Kant should have gone on to a subjective scepticism. Having proved the impossibility of knowing anything, he should have wondered whether it was not because there is no one to know it. But indeed his pure reason had never been very pure at all. It had not consisted in the banishment of subjectivity, but in a refinement of that subjectivity, in an attempt to rationalize it while preserving it. One can be a philosopher *and* a plain man but not at the same time. The philosopher must give up *all* the plain man's prejudices, not only his prejudice that a spade is a spade, but also his prejudice that a person is a person. It is because Kant's dualism of the two kinds of reason is not complete that it is ineffective; one simply sceptical and the other simply and irrationally contradicting it.

May I remind the reader at this point of the manner of my approach to the theory of knowledge. I have formed a scientific hypothesis as to the nature of life, a hypothesis according to which the knowing subject has no other existence than as a "scientific

object," and a mistaken one. It thus becomes incumbent on me to examine the status of what we *call* knowledge. But the reader must remember that I am not arguing philosophically against the possibility of knowledge. The hypothesis I assume simply takes its impossibility for granted. The fact that philosophers have been led to scepticism by their reasoning is so much, if negative, support for my hypothesis.

When I am said to see something, what is the nature of the event thus described, according to my theory? It is the occurrence in me of a tendency on the occasion of a change in the situation, an occurrence as necessary as when a chemical reaction responds to a change in its conditions. Out of this fact arise our notions of a "person," a "thing" and a relation of the former to the latter of "perception." The thing, as seen, is not a real at all; all that its reality consists in is in being the "object of perception," *i. e.*, the occasion of a tendency.

Now let the event be "my judging that something presented is an orange." In this case the event is the occurrence of a particular kind of tendency in me in respect of a change in the situation, the tendency, namely, in this case, to judge "It's an orange," a tendency as little subjective as the other. Out of this fact arise our notions of the thinking subject, its objects (ideas) and a relation between them variously named. The reality of the concept "orange" consists in its being the "object of the understanding" and that is all its reality. In particular its reality does not consist in its being representative of a "real" sense-object. That is its value.

Thus my knowledge, whether "by acquaintance" or "by description," is knowledge by courtesy only.

The illusoriness of knowledge in both kinds has long been recognized. We need not delay over the case of knowledge by acquaintance. It is clearly relative to the unique character of the knower, his particular morphological character, his anatomy and physiology. Senses and their acuity vary not only from species to species but also within the species.

As to knowledge by description, which arises in "inter-subjective" intercourse, it is a confusion as to the function of description that is responsible for our delusion that we can make *true* propositions. If a man tells me something and I understand the fact to be or to have been, what it actually is or was, the function of description is adequately performed, in one sense. His proposition is true, in one sense. And this is the original and, as it were, proper func-

tion of "description," namely, the adequate conveyance of the knowledge of a fact from one person to another. But it is perfectly clear that the adequacy of the man's speech as an objective description of the fact conveyed is quite another thing. As an objective description of the fact his speech might be quite inadequate, untrue, indeed must be inadequate, must be untrue. For even though he were a logician and a scientist, expert in the class of fact at issue, he could not frame a proposition about it which, as logician, he could claim to be true. Truth simply does not apply to the case of description of reality. To think so is like thinking our senses give us knowledge of the real world.

Our knowledge is necessarily anthropomorphic. The terms in which we describe the simplest brute fact are human terms. They are interpretation. We are a mirror up to Nature and our knowledge the reflection therein—a figure not to be pressed to the question—reflection for whom? The world known by acquaintance and by description, is a "mental construction" and to know it better is to have more and acuter senses and more adequate concepts. How adequate? Harmonizing with our ethical and aesthetic ideals? With the rest of our concepts? With the facts of sense-experience? Harmonizing with the facts. Take care of the pence, says the proverb. If we take care of the facts, the ethical and aesthetic ideals will take care of themselves.

My own reading of the facts of life dispenses with the mind. (This does not imply that it dispenses with the spirit; it is able to give an account of spiritual values.) Mind is explained away—in theory always. What there is is life—a particular kind of physico-chemical activity—manifesting itself in its own particular ways. So much for my own concept of the animate world. What of the inanimate?

In explaining away Mind one explains away Matter, the object of sense, as well as Knowledge, the activity, or the product of activity, of the understanding. But only Matter as the plain man understands it, and this had already been done long ago both by philosophers and by scientists. It is generally agreed by philosophers that the existence of the external world is a matter of faith, not of knowledge; and scientists willingly admit that not only do they study phenomena merely, but that their verification of their theories consists in putting them to the test of sense-experience.

When language first began to be spoken the words used must have represented sense-objects or events or situations apprehended

through the senses. Yet even then much interpretation must have been implicit in speech, much have been taken for granted, the speakers themselves for instance, as conscious persons, the reality of their objects, Space and Time, concepts that were not made explicit anywhere on earth perhaps for millions of years.

But very early also there must have been explicit interpretation. Men feeling the wind blow postulated a blower, hearing the thunder, a thunderer. This is the beginning of science, for the essence of science is hypothesis, the interpretation of fact. "Explicit interpretation" does not imply that the interpretation was recognized as such. On the contrary experience shows that interpretative concepts are very apt to be regarded as having the same standing as concepts representative of sense-objects or events, *i. e.*, as representative of "reality," in the sense of phenomenal reality. This is an illusion which is still common today. So much so, that one of these interpretative concepts, "Mind," is regarded by perhaps the majority of philosophers as the only reality.

The fact is that interpretative concepts are analogous not to objects of sense but to the senses by which we are aware of objects; they are modes of insight, the senses of the understanding. The concept "atom," for instance, gives us what we suppose a better insight than we had before into the nature of chemical interactions. The interpretative concept is a way of looking at nature, not the representative of an actual existent in nature.

It does not follow, of course, that interpretative concepts *necessarily* have no potentially sensible counterparts. We may keep an open mind as to whether potentially sensible atoms do in fact exist. The planet Neptune was a scientific object which turned out to correspond to an "existent." It became a sense-object. And then interpretation was out of place. We do not interpret objects of sense; we perceive them and give names to them if we are sufficiently interested.

The world is sensibly appreciated by different species of animals according to their kind. And we are not justified in presuming that *we* appreciate it more truly than our fellow-animals. Similarly, the world is conceptually appreciated by different men in different ways. Now in a sense no man is justified in presuming that he conceives it more truly than another. The animistic interpretation of nature is one mode of conceiving it; another mode regards nature as a field of events. This latter mode is the scientific and its ideal is to find uniformity in the way events happen and so to state the

"necessary" conditions of their happening. It attempts to describe the events with as little interpretation as possible, while at the same time it is forced ultimately to interpretation by its passion to explain how events are connected; for the connections are not revealed to sense.

The primitive animistic and the modern scientific interpretations of nature are both anthropomorphic. And the latter can hardly be considered truer than the former since the concept of force is not more intelligible than that of God. And if the scientist says that what he calls the concept force is simply "the way things happen," it is open to the primitive man, and the modern theologian, to retort that that is what he calls God. Both parties can make their definition less and less anthropomorphic, less transcendent and more immanent, less capricious and more necessary, can in short sophisticate it *ad lib.*

As philosopher, then, I cannot assert anything whatever of the universe. My scepticism is complete, since my incapacity to know arises from the fact that I do not exist, as a knowing subject. I do not know what "I know" means. Philosophically, I am simply a manifestation of life.

But as a plain man, with the plain man's prejudices diluted with a little of the pure reason, I venture to *believe* that there *are* real changes, and that they arise in a real external world, not simply in my body, or in my imagination. This external world appears to me in phenomena. In these phenomena I may find orderliness without limit, but the order I find in them affords no guarantee whatever of the orderliness of the real world. The order of that world may be as non-existent as purpose in life. This would not imply disorder. It is merely our weakness that supposes the world *must* be *either* orderly *or* disorderly. These concepts may be transcended by the physicist just as those of moral goodness and badness are transcended in my theory of life. Order in phenomena implies necessity. But it may be that the necessity of phenomenal events is made up of contingencies, like the necessities of statistics. And a contingency itself may be regarded as a necessity, is at any rate made up out of necessities. The mysteries of physics indeed remind one of those of theology, how for instance to reconcile God's foreknowledge and man's freedom. And perhaps they are as impossible to solve, inasmuch as like the latter they are concerned with what are mere inventions. "Necessity" and "contingency" are as conceptual as "God" and "free will."

From the beginning of philosophy the notion of the order of the universe has been associated with those of Time and Space. It has been analyzed into them. Lately these two have been synthetized into the concept of a world of four dimensions. In this world, it seems, events do not *happen* either necessarily or contingently, they simply *are*.

This appears to be the crowning mercy for Science, considered as the study, the interpretation, of the *order* of the phenomenal world. But it is only the *order* of nature that is thus conceived. "And yet," says Professor Eddington, "in regard to the nature of things, this knowledge is only an empty shell—a form of symbols. It is knowledge of structural form, and not knowledge of content . . . the mind has but regained from nature that which the mind has put into nature."[1] The physicist, like the philosopher, admits his ignorance of the events that underlie phenomena.

The epistemology, then, of my theory of life is simple. Practical truth is what works; of theoretical truth there is none.

[1] *Space, Time and Gravitation*, p. 200.

THE NAKED REALITY

BY HENRI VANDERBYLL

TO THE question, What has man accomplished during the hundred thousand years or so of his planetary existence? there is but a single answer. Tell us not that he has built cities and empires, that he has founded society and government, that he has developed a moral and an aesthetic nature. He has done these things because he has gradually developed from a self-centered creature into a more or less universe-conscious individual. The human soul, in its first budding stages, owned but few material, intellectual and moral paraphernalia. The world in which it was active was altogether too narrow to contain a larger number. It centered about the physical individual. And if there be anything that is satisfied to dwell in narrow places, it is the physical self, provided, of course, the necessary sustenance be within easy reach. When the human soul began to blossom, and the light from a larger external world began to reach it, man scattered the paraphernalia of his self in many and varied directions. The paraphernalia in question revealed the fact that his being had awakened, that it had arisen from not-consciousness, and that it had become capable of hearing the voice of immensity. As a result of that awakening, as a result of his becoming more or less world-conscious, man built his cities and empires, established his laws and his governments, adopted his standards of morals and ethics, counted his atoms and his electrons, and peered through his telescopes into the depths of the universe. His accomplishments in material, scientific and moral directions are of secondary importance, and are necessary expressions belonging to his fundamental achievement, the gradual discovery of the external world. The soul received impressions from surroundings that grew from immediacy to a cosmos as the inner being became more and more capable of vibrating to the presence of a world. After the soul had *felt* its

presence, the intellect proceeded to encase it in a frame of reason. The frame of reason in which man hung the external world constituted the truth of existence. It is hardly necessary to observe that the truth of existence was subject to change as the wider external world of which man became gradually aware needed a larger frame. Nor is it difficult to understand that the self-centered creature, i. e., the physical man, could not possibly approach truth. For it was only a very insignificant part of the external world about which he reasoned. The universe was centered mainly in his self.

The one answer to the question just propounded is this: Man has been constantly busy, whether willingly or unwillingly, whether knowingly or unknowingly, discovering the world that surrounds his self. True, he has been busy doing a great number and variety of other things, of which fact the completely changed face of the earth is witness. But all his activities have been both the effect and the cause of his intellectual journeying in the external world. His inner being with all its varied paraphernalia, important and unimportant, sublime and trashy, has slowly lit its surroundings with the glow of intelligence. And, which is of supreme importance, it has gradually intensified the searchlight of understanding, as a result of which the unintelligent darkness of the universe finally receded to unimaginably far regions. The true story of mankind is the wonderful story of its intellectual excursions into the external world. Historical facts are mere local dashes of color that tend to draw the observer's attention from the color scheme of the whole. From them, alone, we fail to gather hints as to the possible purpose of human life upon this earth, and as to man's ultimate goal and destiny in this universe. Considering them, only, we study waves which we do not know to belong to an ocean.

A remarkable fact about the external world, into the darkness of which man has sent his increasingly penetrating rays of understanding, is the following: One hesitates to assign boundaries to it. We are referring to the *actual* external world, and not merely to the one in which the individual is physically active, nor to the one in which he thinks that he dwells. The average individual's world of physical contact is limited to a state or a province, within the boundaries of which he meets with experiences necessary for his immediate further development. Reason, however, as we have already pointed out, jumps the barriers of the physical, and builds up a world in which the individual thinks that he lives. Now, the world in which the individual thinks that he lives is limited in accordance

with his ability to be aware of not-self. Another name for that which is not-self is, the external world, and still another, the universe. Individual existence upon this planet, whether it represent the first stages of mere physical life or the less immature conditions of human intelligence, is an unconscious attempt at sounding the depths of the thing that lies outside of the self. The schemes of nature rest upon the self-evident truth that the universe does not exist until intelligence discovers it. What, indeed, is an existence which is not known, either by itself or by another self?

The actual external world, i. e., the universe, is a thing of greater mystery than we at first imagine. Few among us accept it at its real value, and most of us fail to place any value whatsoever upon it. We lack the imagination necessary for the realization that it is the thing which knocks at the portals of our soul with the eternal question: What am I? Our view is limited to immediacy, to events that affect us with their direct touch, to objects that are painfully or pleasurably near. We say, It is life that causes us to think, meaning the narrow life that reflects and reveals our individuality. But what is life thus conceived? It is a mere abstraction. It is a thing unreal as a result of the independence and the originality with which we endow it. Our limited view cuts out activities, and causes and effects, from an infinite world of activity and of cause and effect. Our reflections on that cut-out portion produce false conclusions and theories that are founded on assumed premises. Whatever is and happens exists and occurs in a mighty large world, provided we place beings and events in their actual setting. The ability to be aware of not-self discovers the immensity of the world, and destroys the imagined boundaries which thought of self causes a handful of beings and an insignificant number of events to be encircled. It hears a shout of anger rise up from the earth, and lose itself in the vastness of the universe. It sees the dim light of false glory vainly reach out for the boundaries of existence. It sees human folly drift like the thinnest, haziest smoke, and soon vanish in an overwhelming preponderance of space. Place that which we call life, and which we so carefully fence in for purposes of analysis and investigation, in a stellar universe, and it becomes something worth studying. Place any thing, being, or event, in the center of a world where a billion suns rise and a billion dawns blush, and the ease with which we generally philosophize is more or less paralyzed in the presence of mystery.

The supreme facts of existence, we fear, do not disturb us much. We do not care to be disturbed by them. We are conveniently deaf to their whispers, preferring to be philosophical in a tiny corner of immensity rather than in immensity itself. But the trouble is, that we cannot be true philosophers and leave the immensity of things out of our considerations. That is exactly what our ancestors, groping in their intellectual darkness, did. The result we, of course, know. Their theories of existence are laughable. They, furthermore, had the peculiar habit of ignoring facts of nature and of replacing them by imaginary ones. They hid the naked reality of the external world with a veil of phantasy-built mythology. As a consequence, they did not behold a real, concrete universe, but a dream-world. That peculiar habit of theirs we, ourselves, have not as yet completely mastered. We very much dislike considering the external world a real something, preferring to hide its nakedness behind a veil similar to that employed by the ancients. But our veil of imagination is immense in view of the fact that the thing which it covers is inconceivably large.

We venture to suggest, however, that the veil in question is a superfluous addition to existence—not merely a superfluous but indeed an impossible one. We arrive at that opinion by allowing our imagination to travel a little beyond the distance which the human intellect has traveled on its journeys through the external world. We say, a little, for our imagination lacks the experience and the courage to proceed much further. It is but a short while ago, comparatively speaking, that the imagination of a Columbus was ridiculed by his contemporaries who were incapable of sending their thoughts as far away from home and from self as he was capable of sending them. It is with difficulty that humanity finally imagined the solar system with its planets circling at inconceivable distances about their central sun. Imagination expresses nothing more nor less than the ability to forget self, and to be aware of the world of not-self. That ability is as yet not very pronounced. It is therefore that only a very small part of the external world is a real and concrete thing for us. The balance of it is an existence whose vague probability we prefer to supplant with the finality of the deity of our conception. Perhaps, too, a false morality prompts us to cover the nakedness of truth at which man has looked, without having seen it, from the very first day that he gazed into the depths of the universe.

The universe, the place in which man actually dwells, should inspire us with interest, if not with reference. Let us liberate our mind for the present from the fetters of preconceived ideas and from those of inherited and dutifully accepted notions. Nothing exists for us, for the present, but the external world, the universe. We are prepared to take a hurried journey through it, for the purpose of obtaining a bird's-eye view of the whole, if such be possible. We start at the point where primordial sealife becomes aware of the existence of dry land. With the newly-created amphibious animal, we enjoy the vastness of a world consisting of both water and land. With the land-animal, we destroy a little more of the darkness that hitherto enveloped the individual being, and roam the many-faced surface of a continent. With man, we extend the boundaries of surroundings, and bit by bit we discover the earth. With him we conquer the air, and peer through telescopes at the stargods of his ancestors. With him we dream of visiting the moon and the planet, Mars, of living a future life on some distant star. Thus, keeping pace with progressing evolution, a larger and larger world gradually unfolds itself. But we do not, as yet, possess an adequate conception of the world's true immensity, and of the true divinity of its nature. We do not, as yet, perceive the possibility of an infinitely extensible external world. Yet, where are the boundaries of man's actual external world?

We make our 250,000-mile trip to the moon, proceed to Mars and to the other outer planets, planning to make a ninety million mile sidetrip to the sun upon our return from our celestial excursion. We reach the limit of our solar system, seeing the sun in our imagination scintillate like a star of inferior magnitude. On the wings of light we are carried to the nearest star, consuming four years of eternity on that expedition. There being no reason whatsoever for terminating our journey, we continue at light-speed towards the thousand light-year limit of the Milky Way. Having arrived there, however, we are able to show cause as to why we should cut short our journey. The fuel that propelled us through immensity, our imagination, has been exhausted. It claims to be incapable of further travel, and it proceeds to build an imaginary wall—something upon which its limited nature may lean—that must surround the section of the universe traversed. But, after having established the support in question, it takes courage, and proceeds to take a peek at what lies on the other side of the wall. It discovers—more universe! And, so, it flies a little further, repeating

its wall-operations at intervals. It soon discovers, however, that it is doomed to build its imaginary walls forever. For should it decide to build its final wall, for the reason that beyond it lies nothing, it will eventually be tempted to have a peek at "nothing." That nothing is indeed something, else it could not be designated by the term nothing.

But this forever-business is something entirely foreign to the nature of man whose very constitution compels him to live in a world of beginnings and ends. We return to earth, therefore, and to the self. The familiar scene of a measurable world sets our disquieted mind at rest again. With renewed vigor we count and calculate, write down our profits and losses, and visualize the proverbial end of the trail. But our journey into the depths of the world has woven a new and subtle strain through the more or less harsh sounding music of life. We must hear that strain forevermore. We hear it on still summer nights when the croak of the frog rips the silence of the deep. And, if music be visible, we see it in the objects of nature that loom up in living black against the silver darkness of the world. Indeed, we hear that indescribable strain in our moments of keenest agony, when it soothes like balm and inspires us to ignore the voice of the self. But we cannot reproduce it. We do not know what it is. We only know *that* it is. That knowledge silences the flimsy arguments of the stay-on-earth philosopher who does not bother with the infinite because mortal man cannot conceive it. Our imagination has but to extend the world that immediately surrounds us in order that we may realize that an infinite world necessarily exists. Or, perhaps it were better to say that we are aware of the existence of a not-limited world, of a world which is not the limited world in which we are accustomed to think and act. The very limitation in which we are steeped, if we will but consider a moment, implies the existence of the unlimited, even as darkness is made possible by its counterpart, light.

The world of not-self presents but few remarkable and startling features when considered in part. The vulgar nature which we, for some unfathomable reason, have assigned to matter, pervades it. It is something at which we may look with some degree of interest, provided we do not place too large a value upon its presence and upon its phenomena. Even when thinking in terms of stellar universes, that silent glory and those brooding depths constitute for us no more than paraphernalia incidental to human existence. However, the worst thing that we can, after all, remark about the uni-

verse is, that it is material. Material means, pertaining to matter. And who knows what matter is that he pronounces it despicable? With science, he dissolves it into atoms and electrons. With science, he concludes that electrons are centers of electrical force. And with science, he faces the veil of mystery which, although willing to recede, nevertheless eternally separates the known from the unknown. The foundation of things is never reached. Like a mirage, it vanishes the more quickly the more speedily we approach it. No matter what deeply hidden point we have reached in our investigations, the question always presents itself: "What is this thing which we at last have found, and how did it come to exist?" Apart from the fact, however, that we do not know what matter is no more than we know what we, ourselves, are, and that we therefore altogether too rashly pronounce it, vulgar, its nature as conceived by us undergoes a decided change for the better when we consider the universe in its totality instead of in part. Let it be granted that the universe is a material immensity, an immensity whose nature is inferior to that of the not-material, or spiritual. The inferiority in question completely disappears when we think of the universe in its totality, i. e., of an *infinite* material immensity. Though, in truth, we do not know what we mean by, spiritual, and merely vaguely refer to that which is not-material, the suspicion is aroused that the terms, infinite, and, material, are contradictory. It would seem that the vulgar nature of the universe disappears in its totality, and exists as a fact only then when limited man perceives a limited part of the whole.

We, for one, do not hesitate in frankly declaring that the external world, as a whole, harbors more divine secrets than man ever will be able to fathom. Our courage in the matter is founded on the knowledge that our star-lit home is infinite. There is, we believe no more soul-overwhelming and mind-staggering fact to be encountered in this or in any other world. The mind, with all its elasticity of conception, humbly acknowledges defeat in its presence, and the soul, for once, ceases to be concerned about self. In that which is infinite we meet with the ultimate of being, with the utmost possibility of existence, with all that is and possibly can be.

Our intellectual journey into the universe results in our viewing the history of developing man from a slightly different angle. We watch his endeavors to burst the shell of self-centeredness which envelops his being in darkness, and which shuts out the external world from his knowledge. We see him bore a little hole through

the wall of his prisonhouse, and we see him marvel at the shaft of light that penetrates into his soul. Wider and wider becomes the surface of contact with the universe, until finally the light promises to fairly flood his being. His ultimate destiny, it would seem, is to stand victorious on the ruins of his self-centeredness, and to face the infinite. The role which his intelligence plays in the whole matter is the one of interpreter. The silence of immensity it translates into thought. That which of itself cannot utter becomes articulate in thinking man. The supremely divine errand which is man's, is to make an unknown existence known.

The question naturally arises: "Why should he?" Being what we are, we seek to link efficiency and useful purpose with the events of the universe. But, although we may be able to discover efficiency and design in any section of the universe, we fail to discover them in the whole. Thing that are undeniably real, laws that are immutable, foundations that are unshakable, in a limited part of the world, dissolve into nothingness in the totality of things. Seen from the standpoint of immensity, things are because they are. Man gives speech to the infinite, because he does, and for no other reason. As we shall endeavor to point out later, a designing, scheming infinite is no infinite at all, but, rather, an immense person. Man's intelligence conquers the external world section by section, and his being which preeminently leans towards mathematics and geometry *creates* purpose and design in the universe. For that reason, the whole history of human development reveals a magnificently executed scheme of nature to awaken man to the presence of an infinite existence, and to urge him to give praise to its supreme beauty. Accepting that scheme as a reality which of necessity belongs to our human world, we shall now proceed to estimate how far nature has progressed with the execution of her plans.

We remarked in a previous chapter that the time is ripe to link the ultimate in existence with the universe in all its infinite totality. That remark, we confess, comes in the nature of a shock. But we, ourselves, are the cause. Most of our ideas concerning existence are inherited, many become ours by a sort of falsely moral compulsion, and very few are originally conceived by us. We incline towards following in the footsteps of our ancestors concerning matters divine, fearing to tread where others did not make a trail. We inherit their aversion for the reality that stares us in the face, and superimpose an imaginary one. Never, in the history of man, has the external world received the consideration due it by virtue of its

nature, nor has it been credited with having accomplished the enormous things that it has accomplished. From the very beginning, the thing was supplanted by the spirit, the phenomenon by the miracle. Natural surroundings constituted an unsatisfactory, ignoble reality that deceitfully hid the real and supreme. And, although the veil that deceived and hid grew to an unimaginable size, and the supposedly real and supreme developed proportionally, the principle of dividing the world into the real and the unreal, into the good and the bad, into matter and spirit, is still being desperately clung to. We hear, it is true, much of a theoretical unity, oneness, and one. But it is only a theoretical oneness. Our morals, our ethics, our religions and our philosophies repeatedly contradict the conception.

Yet is the so-called material universe receiving more attention these days than it ever has received in the entire history of mankind. Giant telescopes point at its shining marvels. Self-forgetting souls virtually renounce a life of comfort and happiness in the patient endeavor to extract facts from its depths. Popularly written newspaper and magazine articles acquaint the average reader with the features of its stupendousness. Indications are that the earth is beginning to be too narrow a place for expanding human intelligence. The latter gropes for the moon and Mars, for distant suns and nebulae, and dreams of traveling unhampered through the infinite world of not-self. There is, we think, nothing shocking, dangerous, or immoral in this taking wing on the part of intelligence. On the contrary, an intellectual survey of immensity is in the highest degree interesting and inspiring. The reflections resulting from such a survey are sufficiently startling to dispel a possible monotony of living. Moreover, the manner in which it subsequently influences our daily actions is desirable from a moral viewpoint, and hints at an intimate relationship between the size of the world in which we think that we live and our behavior upon this earth. Knowledge of bare facts, alone, does not of course benefit the moral nature of man. But the thoughts that it awakens, the reflections that it arouses, and the individual conduct that it suggests, are of priceless value. He who thinks that a scientific study of the universe merely implies the registration of facts in the convolutions of our gray matter, has never felt the sublime afterglow which the light of a newly-realized truth leaves in the soul. Of far-reaching influence upon our moral life are our ignorance and our knowledge concerning the world in which we live. Even when merely acquainted with a few facts relating to distances and sizes of heav-

enly bodies, we unknowingly ever after place our motives, ambitions, and desires against a background of stupendousness. As a result, the shame of our pettiness will inspire us to act more nobly, will raise the level of our hopes, and will color our desires with the hues of sublimity. Would humanity, for example, spend several years crippling and exterminating itself, as it does in a World War, if it were thoroughly sensible to the existence of a universe?

The things which we name, immoral, and, evil, lose their immortality and wickedness when we place them in one of the centers of an infinite world. Instead, they become absurd. Man acts ridiculously rather than wickedly. His selfish schemes are so much piffle, his warlike noises are vanity, and all the pettiness of his self-seeking activities is part of the tragi-comedy which he blindly enacts in a world of which he is not aware. All so-called wickedness is the necessary expression of self-centeredness. It speaks of the belly and the self, and of the absence of a universe. As far as the past is concerned, we speak of ignorance and immaturity. In connection with the present, however, we mention immortality and evil. But we refer to one and the same thing, viz., to the degree of self-centeredness that manifests itself in evil activity. The deeper we penetrate into the past, the more self we encounter and the less universe. The more hair-raising, also, becomes human behavior. Moreover, we are immediately struck by its absurdity, because we know what we know, and because the world in which we live is infinitely larger than the one in which the ancients dwelled. But let us not forget that each of the individuals composing today's highly differentiated humanity possesses his particular degree of self-centeredness with its correspondingly large or small external world. Nor should it be overlooked that, on the whole, we are far from being completely universe-conscious creatures. The existence of evil, therefore, is easily perceived by many in the activities of the persons whose degree of self-centeredness is more intense than their own. Unfortunately, however, they generally fail to perceive that evil is also present in their own beings, unless, of course, they are absolutely universe-conscious beings, in which case they have no business upon this earth. At some future date, when man will think in terms of universes as easily as he does at present in terms of dollars and cents, his present behavior will be considered to have been, let us hope, absurd, and not, evil.

The external world of stars and space-depths is beginning to influence our thoughts and our actions, for an excellent reason, we

believe. Our present explorers of immensity, peering through their giant telescopes, add a few thousand light-years, every now and then, to the diameter of the universe. There is a reluctance, it is true, on the part of the majority, to make our universal home altogether incomprehensibly large. Emphatic statements that the stellar universe is limited alternate with faint suggestions that there exist stellar universes beyond the stellar universe. In the astronomer, patiently watching through his telescope, we behold man unconsciously searching for the ultimate. Although, at present, his eye is attracted mainly by the glory of Sirius and by the glimmering fire of the Lactea, he must eventually face, with humbled soul, the immeasurable thing in which the heavenly glories are suspended. He is still, though to a considerably less extent than his more self-centered ancestor, limiting a limitless external world. But he cannot do that with the consent of reason.

That the external world is infinite in its totality appears to be a self-evident fact. We are referring to the external world of matter *and* space. We do not always make ourselves clear as to what thing we designate by the term, universe. Did Pascal, for instance, refer to the immensity consisting of matter and space when he stated that the universe is an infinite sphere whose center is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere? Assuming that he did, let us imagine if we can, a cluster of stars and a Milky Way that whirl in unutterable solitude in an infinite ocean of space. No matter whether this cluster measures a thousand or a million light-years, the ridiculous insignificance of its size in comparison with that of the world of space immediately tempts us to dismiss the picture from our mind. What business, in view of the limitless space available, has less than a speck of dust in all that immensity? And, as an afterthought, what business has a human less-than-nothing on one of its atoms?

Even more ridiculous appears the idea of a universe which is limited both as regards space and matter. Some thinkers fool themselves into believing that they are capable of imagining such a universe. In reality, they are not. Their imagination, too, insists on peeking beyond the boundaries which it, itself, has imposed upon the universe. It will, at the very least, discover more space. Even when denying that the stellar universe is limitless, we cannot contradict the statement that the ocean of space in which the stellar universe is suspended is boundless. That statement can only be denied in violation of the constitution and of the laws of the human

mind. The fact is, *that the mind cannot think space away*. Imagination is capable of scattering the beauties of the flower, of destroying the sun, of obliterating the starry hordes. But the most elastic imagination cannot eliminate a cubic inch of space, nor space in its totality. It takes away that illimitable vastness merely to find that another infinite vastness has taken its place.

Space, we presume, is an extraordinary thing to philosophize upon. Or is it not a thing? Is it a no-thing? Whatever it may be, it certainly deserves the consideration of thinkers. It is the one curiosity of the universe, the one thing which thought is incapable of limiting. Moreover, we are not merely compelled to admit that it is without limits, the fact of its eternal nature forces itself upon our mind. The latter is absolutely incapable of conceiving a condition of no-space. The history of the development of our solar system is written on the brow of space. Stars and meteors, appearing and disappearing, are dots and flashes of fire kindled and extinguished in an everlasting world of space. Apsu and Tiamat, gods of the ancient Babylonians, brought forth an army of monster-gods that peopled the waters of the "deep." Whence the "deep"? Jehovah created the heaven and the earth, and darkness was on the face of the "deep." Whence the "deep"? It existed before the dawn of creation. It was the indispensable, pre-existing background on which man was to embroider his star-world of gold and silver and blue.

The spatial universe, then, is not only boundless but also eternal in its existence. A condition of no-space, at any time, is unthinkable. But the external world consists, besides a universe of space, of a universe of matter. A billion heavenly bodies dot the infinite with their golden luster. What about the size of this immense star-cluster? Is it measurable, or is it immeasurable? For the present, let us assume that it is measurable, that a boundless emptiness engulfs it, and that within that emptiness the stupendous process of cosmic evolution occurs in a region which is smaller than a pinhead. Our interest is centered in the question, whether or not the external world owns a dual nature. To all appearances, it consists of matter *and* space, the respective natures of which are totally different. Reason, however, will contradict appearances. From the fact that something exists which is infinite in its totality, it immediately follows that nothing but that something exists. That which is infinite is all. Nothing can be added to it, nothing subtracted from it. The suggestion, therefore, that something else exists besides, in separa-

tion from, and independently of, the infinite, is absurd. No matter whether our senses tell us that the so-called material universe is suspended *in* the infinite, the fact remains that it necessarily is *of* the infinite. The two apparently different external worlds of matter and space own a single foundation of being.

We grant, for the present, that the latter fact is difficult to perceive. We shall endeavor, in a future chapter, to explain why the external world presents a dual aspect. At this point, we wish to draw the reader's attention to the following: *if* the external world is one thing and not two things, it should follow that the universe of matter is as eternal and as infinite in its totality as is the universe of space. Now, in our chemical laboratory we come face to face with eternity. Every schoolboy, at the age of sixteen, does when his teacher, with the assistance of scales and a burning candle, demonstrates the truth that matter is indestructible. From the latter truth he concludes that the amount of matter in the universe remains *forever* the same. We particularly note the expression, forever. Again, we are dealing with this forever-business, a business which we are rather loathe to handle. We, generally, accept the statement that the amount of matter in the universe remains forever the same, and let it go at that. As a consequence, its staggering importance escapes us. Our idea of forever, moreover, is a one-sided one. We apply it to the future, only, leaving the past completely out of our considerations. We do this very thing on other occasions, for instance when speculating on the possibility of a future existence. The latter should be eternal. As regards the past, we are satisfied with the explanation that our ultimate origin is nothing. But it is a strange immortality which is born. Our own conception of eternity accepts neither a beginning nor an end. The idea of infinite time with a beginning is as ridiculous, we think, as the one of infinite space with a starting point. The universe of matter is eternal in the absolute sense of the word. In its totality it is unchangeable. Its parts are subject to constant change.

Our acceptance of the fact that the universe of matter is both uncreated and indestructible as a whole disposes of the innumerable difficulties involved in the theory of creation. No logical mind actually can conceive of creation. The supreme created the universe either from something or from nothing? If from something, then whence that something? From something else? Then, whence that something else? As far as the idea of creation from nothing is concerned, what is nothing? We can only conceive of nothing in

the sense of its being something. Either of the two following questions therefore presents itself: Whence that something? Whence that nothing? But the matter is immediately disposed of by another argument. The argument is this: if the supreme be infinite, how then can there be question, at any time, of creation? What is there to create? How can anything be added to that which is already infinite? If such addition were possible, then the so-called infinite was not infinite in the first place.

The eternal nature of the material universe as a whole is necessarily linked with its infinite nature. Time and space, everlastingness and the infinite, are inseparably associated. Only that which is infinite is everlastingly unchangeable. It cannot possibly become more than what it is at any time, as it is everything from the beginning of beginnings. It cannot become less than what it is at any moment without something becoming nothing, the idea of which is a logical absurdity. Eternity, therefore, rests upon unchangeability, and unchangeability is the attribute of that which is infinite.

To return to the possible dual nature of the external world, the infinite-eternal nature of the material universe and that of the spatial universe are necessarily identical. It will be immediately agreed that the existence of only a single infinite, as well as that of a single eternity, are logically possible. The conclusion, therefore, forces itself upon us that the external world of matter and space is one thing which is infinite-eternal as a whole.

The latter conclusion loses something of its startling nature when we consider that the idea of body and the idea of space are inseparably associated. When we think of a body, we think of space. We say that matter occupies space, as we say of a person that he occupies a chair. The chair and the person are two entirely different objects, and there exist a multitude of things which a person can occupy. The interesting fact concerning matter is that it can occupy but a single thing: space. Interesting ,also, is the apparently simple statement: no space, no matter.

THE ADVENTURE OF FAITH

BY F. M. BENNETT

LIFE is an adventure. It is beneficently full of risks and uncertainties That is what gives it charm and zest. Not all life succeeds. Much of it dies in the adventure of trying to live. It does not all arrive at the goal for which it seems fitted. Often the ends of life are defeated and it is made to serve other ends, compelled through defeat to enter other lives and into the very structure of the world. This is not to say that it does not render a service in its seeming defeat. Perhaps, in thus dying in its efforts to live it serves other life more perfectly than it could serve its own.

The adventurous nature of life is seen in all living experience. There is a risk in the actions of even the lowest cell forms of life. When the living cell ventures to obtain food, to multiply or reproduce itself, it often meets destruction in the process. The composition of the earth, of its rocks and its soils, gives evidence of the adventure of life. The living forms that have perished to produce these are evidence of the risks they have taken.

Every contact of life with the world, or with other life, is a contact of adventure. It is therefore a contact of faith. In such contacts there is always present the element of uncertainty, of risk. Will it bring benefit or harm? That question must be answered through experience. Every movement, every moment of life has its risks which may not be realized. Nevertheless they are there. That is what gives worth, charm, beauty to living beings.

In the philosophy of Henri Bergson it is this very risk, this adventure in life which gives it all its meaning, all its significance. It is this which distinguishes life from inert material and makes possible the creation of higher and nobler forms of life. If life should

cease to reach out in adventure, in a more or less conscious striving for creation in new directions, life, he says, would cease, would vanish. It would be overcome by the crushing weight of that which is dead.

If this is true for all forms of life, for the human this should be especially the day of adventurous living.

"Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
Ye who are tired and weary of sinning,
Here is a thought for you."

No condition or circumstance is hopeless to the person who is willing to take a risk in order to change it. Our days would be intolerable if we knew beforehand just what they would be worth to us. It is well that we do not know what of good or ill they may bring forth. That is largely left for us to determine.

So for us humans these are days of adventure and therefore days of faith. If there were no uncertainty or risk in them, how long could we keep the spirit of trust, courage, good will? It is sure that those who are most able to make certain what each day shall bring do not see life at its brightest and best. We need the adventurous aspect of each day to keep us from falling into hopelessness regarding the experiences of life.

There is nothing that will more thoroughly take the zest out of living than to be compelled to follow a changeless routine. It speaks well for the quality of human nature that so many who are so compelled still have ways of keeping up their courage and their interest in life. Modern methods of industry so largely tend to make machines out of men, so largely give the certainty of changeless toil, that the reaction from the depression of it is a real and constant danger to the social order. In the division of labor, in the monotony of constantly dealing with small parts of it, often there is left little room for the exercise of the adventurous nature of the soul. For many people the power of trust in the face of risk is lessened and life becomes stale and unprofitable. Perhaps the evident monotony of living and working which such conditions impose is responsible for much of the cynicism and pessimism which is so often expressed towards higher and worthier aspects of life. The restlessness of our time is largely the result of such conditions. Is it not because there is so little room left for the expression of the adventurous nature of life, and therefore little room for faith in

life itself that such restlessness becomes a danger to common welfare?

But should we expect less of this restlessness in certain groups whose lives are largely lived in dull routine? So long as conditions under which they live and work are such that there is not proper time for wholesome change we may not expect much in the quality of their lives. If we narrow the world to a humdrum of experience for any soul he is likely to wither. But if he does not he must in some way break through his limits in the natural adventure on which he exercises his faith.

This is apparently the underlying reason for much of the industrial and social restlessness of our time. In our haste to accumulate possessions we have made slaves and machines of a large part of humanity. The result is that where the wrong of it has been recognized there is inevitable disturbance. We have by no means seen the end of it nor shall we till there are larger opportunities for the expression of spiritual capacity on the part of the workers. We may not safely assume that man can "live by bread alone," and therefore strive only to make provision for a full supply of bread. We live by ideas and ideals, by every "word of God," that is, by every divine capacity, and we do not truly live till we are free to exercise these capacities. We must make room for life's adventures in order to have faith in life itself.

What is the meaning of this faith, this trust, which requires such opportunity for adventure in order really to live? In what must we have faith?

First, we must have a trust in the reliability and reality of the universe. We must believe in the world. Unconscious it may be, unrealized and unformulated, but the living soul must believe in the world in which he finds himself. It is a real and reliable world. We may depend on it and on its order. We may enter into its ways and find ourselves at home in it. If we meet it with fairness it will meet us fairly; if we meet it defiantly, with arrogance, suspicion, it will meet us in the same spirit, and will disown us. If we meet it with good will it will show good will to us. So we may trust the world as a real and large place which gives us much experience for the perfecting of life.

Then this faith is trust in the reality and worth of our knowledge. What we know about the world and its life is a worthy reality for us. If we do not trust our experience with it, and believe that it is worth while, our knowledge becomes, indeed, "vanity and a

striving after wind." But we do naturally believe in the reality and worth of our knowledge, and do not even question it, while we constantly seek for more that we may have the power to go forth at all times without fear.

Again we find this faith to be a trust in our own lives. We trust our ability to overcome difficulty, to conquer, and to find ourselves worthy in all changes and experiences. Normal life trusts itself. It naturally and as a divine right believes in the worth of the soul. It feels the stirring of divinity within. Where life does not trust itself it is not fit to make adventures in living. Where it does trust itself and does believe that it can overcome it proves its faith by its works.

Then there is a natural trust in human companions. This is the evidence of faith in human nature and in its essential worth. If one is to amount to anything himself he must have confidence in his fellows. There is no more destructive attitude than that which looks constantly with suspicion upon the actions and motives of others. There is evil outcome for him who habitually thinks evil of his neighbors. But to trust others, to believe in their worth, in their good intentions is to gain strength. To think well of human nature in general is wholesome and enables us to venture much for the sake of other lives.

As a result of such an attitude, such a faith, one should gain great confidence in the progress of life as a whole. This should mean that we believe in "all the good the past hath had," in the worth of the present and in the better care to come. Normal faith requires that we have some prophetic vision of the great good which the future will bring. If one has such insight then, as one says, "nothing is too grand for the future to accomplish, nothing too holy for the race to attain. To limit yourself is to close doors that might otherwise be opened to strength. To limit the future is to limit God."

Finally, then, we must have faith in God if we would profit by the adventurous life. If we would really have an end and meaning in life with this we must somehow start. It would be a blind world which had not divine life at the heart of it. With what good heart could we venture forth, with what good will could we meet the experiences of life if we did not assume as source and warrant for our confidence a center of divine good will?

Now, this is no creed. This is but a partial statement of an attitude which we must take if we would venture wholesomely into

the experiences which life brings. It is but a slight indication of the natural attitude which we should take towards the great adventure of life. Here we need something more than creed. We need confidence, courage, some inner power which shall send us forth always with a brave heart. When it is matter of the soul's life no external power can be a guarantee of safety. That must come from within, must spring from the innate strength, the natural abilities of the spiritual life. It is this attitude of wholesome trust which will prevent us from becoming hard or bitter, keep us from being cast down through defeats, keep us whole and victorious when we are tested by events. "To him that overcometh" and only to him, come the fruits of faith.

The creeds of the moral and religious life of man are the attempts to express in full finality the contents of faith for those who hold them. But if we attempt to make them fixed and changeless standards for all succeeding generations we are taking counsel of our fears rather than of our faith. When we attempt to make others conform to cherished standards, or to follow established practices, assuming that these are good for all time, then we make them hindrances for faith. To say of our creed or of our present conviction, as practically so often has been done," as it was in the beginning it is now and ever shall be world without end," is to put a blight into human life and to impede its divine progress.

There is a better way: It is the way which makes of faith itself an adventure. If we daily meet our experiences trusting that the divine life who has led us hitherto will lead us farther on; if we find that life itself is an adventure, we may expect faith to grow stronger, more beautiful and wholesome. We shall expect it to change, to grow stronger as life grows richer. Shall we not expect that new and better forms of its expression will rise to lead the spiritual life?

Beware of fixed creeds and the assumption of changeless convictions. They are creeds of life and for life, and life is full of change. This is an adventurous world. It is an adventurous life. We are on our way, and we are going to meet new experiences, and in the might of our faith in the eternal goodness we are going to make them better experiences than the world has heretofore known.

In the presence of such an attitude, of such a faith, the old assumption that humanity is sick, constantly in need of a physician in order to live at all, the assumption that this is a lost human world, and that only a few who believe, and conform to the immovable

convictions announced in the past will be among those who are saved, becomes the poorest and weakest kind of unfaith.

It is a growing world, and, in spite of all that has tended to retard it, and to blight it, and to make it after one familiar pattern, it has grown in moral and spiritual power up to this present. Ours is the future and the future is for all. We may not safely depend on the special privileges for the few, but on the essential opportunity for all souls. We are to make real the time when each shall live for all and all for each. We are to make the great adventure of faith which affirms that all human souls are the children of one spiritual Father, and should be growing children sharing to the full his truth and love. It is our privilege to make this a growing reality.

This is to have faith for the adventure of life and to make the great adventure of an ever-growing faith.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS AND THINGS MODERN

BY HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND

OUR truer progress is that advance of inward enlightenment and spiritual delicacy which holds no brief for mischief, folly or atavistic impulses. It makes no base concessions to bare physical acquisitions nor does it offer any loud eulogy on the material perfection of external things. Its applauded achievements indeed are usually found formally set up in the vulgar world of sense and tangible quantity, but seldom in the nobler world of spirit and intangible powers of character. The speed and luxury of our living lend no credential to our truer progress, though they do seem to command quite an extensive clientele among the world's elect. As being listed among the leading causes of most of our modern chaos and corruption they are really rather antithetical and exclusive of any actual achievement of the good, any real improvement in the life or character of man. They surely enough do lend a goodly store of prestige to our fine exteriors, our dress and diplomatic manner of gaining a livelihood; they foster further patronage of the physical follies and mechanical mischiefs with which our modern days so raucously resound, but they most certainly fail to nurture any noble courage, they lend but feeble support to moral fibre even when it has miraculously become somewhat matured, and they almost wholly miss the aim of any generous social temper, any philosophical refinement, any friendly devotion, or any spiritual aspiration.

Life's highest ideal is not one of the Horation *otium cum dignitate*, but one of toil and love, thought and courage, faith and generosity. Life can get along without dignity with fair success and happiness, but not without energetic activity, the enthusiastic effort to achieve some great ambition, some work of art or science, some

worthwhile social fellowship. Even a retired gentleman should still take sufficient exercise to keep fit for the struggle which gives zest and fascination to life. Whether it be in modern Massachusetts or in ancient China our conception of a gentleman is of one who is actively concerned in some worthy work or cause, one who is honorable, intelligent, kind, just, industrious, and free from all petty rivalries, vulgar aims and plays for favor. He has conscious purpose to stay on the path of virtue, to follow Nature's laws, to trust in God and love his fellow man; he never feels that the Universe was made for him alone, seeing everywhere Divine Providence, intelligence, physical powers and sensory endowments fully as significant and useful in the insects and lower animal world as in his own. Like the mystic he knows that no man gains his point by denying reality or otherwise trying to tear the great truths and beauties from Nature's brow, only to trample them in the dirt of his own foul enterprises.

Justice, rectitude, honesty, beauty, truth, love, courage, faith—all these are the great facts and values of human life; they cannot be rendered any less real or valuable because of some scoundrel's spoliation of them, they cannot ever be blamed for the shrewd advantage some clever hypocrite takes of them. But to have them warm and living within one's bosom, giving daily expression to them in one's whole conduct of life—*that* is ideal and exemplary, that is commendable and worthy of emulation. Cold negation, doubt and sloth are culpable of practically all the wrongs which desecrate man's eminent domain; they hatch up mischiefs first in embryo which if left alone would have stayed quite harmless and impotent. If the whole Universe were of truly cynic mold the desolation and sterility would not match that of the sceptic's soul when he denies the very things which color and fertilize his life. It is not the Universe which is author of whatever evil and corruption spoliate the world; it is man's own devilish devices, his sophist scheming for success, his vandal vice and vulgar motivations. There is no cosmic chaos, no general disorder in Nature, she going always about her business with strict attention to law and order; but man's affairs are ever in a mess, either ready for revolt or on the verge of other dire disaster. Man's acquisitions pain him more than all the ruthless power of Nature, for he so often tries to force his will upon her kind yet austere disposition and she in turn pronounces judgment with no

regard to his petty plots and private purposes. No matter how sentimental or sorrowing a man is, Nature looks on and decides his true deserts; man's pain and suffering are usually results of his own mischief, and do not fall upon him because of any malice or vengeance on the part of Nature. Modern man, it seems, is the weakest and most ignorant of any age yet listed in the weary chronicle of civilization; his spiritual culture is as yet mostly a sham procedure of specious prestige, he is conscious of no pre-existence and is little concerned in his posthumous pilgrimage; he is ever ready to exaggerate his petty philosophical powers but is still always afraid to be poor, never afraid of the insatiable demands of a false culture but cringing forever in despair lest his private patrimony, his meagre material attachments shall be swept away.

This, I truly believe, as did William James in one of his charming moods, is one of the worst faults and fallacies of the modern world, and of the educated classes especially. If nothing else mattered, it would still be a deplorable condition because it minimizes our less worldly ambitions; it thwarts our nobler purposes, cools our passion for spiritual goods and brutally discounts the faith of reverent people everywhere. Devotion to the material world can never show an unswerving fidelity and devotion such as may be read into that Francesca da Rimini and Paola episode anticipated fifty thousand years ago in the archeological findings of the Grimaldi skeletons, two crouching lovers holding fond embrace even in death, they seeming to have been buried alive. Even the clumsy machinery of modern educational methods, even so overly emphasized and statisticated as they have been of late, is fast failing to produce anything but philistines and fools whose mercenary palms forever itch for an easy living. Those grand and lovely spirits of yesteryear seem grown extinct, and all those kind heroic souls who used to counsel and console us seem forgotten by the wayside while the speeding pleasure cars and heavy motor trucks pass to and fro. But few and lonely as we find them, they are occasionally at hand in times of need and still give inspiration and encouragement to our tragic cycle of existence. Their ways still charm the tastes of the elect, their heroism still throbs immortal in the breasts of those not yet wholly debauched by the maddening hedonism of the age. The pedagoge of today, like the demagoge of an obsolete political policy, can waste his creed on simple putty minds, but he has no tools to hew a marble

shaft in commemoration of man's martyrdom for beauty, truth, honor, love and justice.

An honest educational method will look to the wisdom of its ideals, it will examine and validate the efficiency of its apparatus, for these are what it works with, these are its patterns to follow in prospect of achievements worthwhile. No age can be counted truly great or strong whose leaders are mercenary or corrupt, whose heroes are vulgar, mediocre or selfish. It may be an age lavishly spending its forces and resources on material monuments to its industry and conquests over Nature, but it will still be an age practically devoid of spiritual achievement, practically still ignorant, narrowminded and irreverent. Saints and sages know the cause and remedy for this condition, but their counsels are invariably ridiculed and repulsed. Nevertheless, our own is just such an age, and I would advise simply this: that it might as well be honest at least with itself and see that these would-be "high points" of modern power and prestige are moral defects rather than powers of character, that their true nature, like *its* actual disposition and policy, is superficial and selfish rather than sturdy and heroic. No national strength or adequate self-defense can be built thereon, and in the event of trial or impending disaster what trust can be put upon a people who are born in a brutal environment, reared up in rhyomistic schools, given individual maxims in how to realize a specious happiness philosophy, and hence have no definite or decisive sense of cosmic unity, national safety or social duty at heart? And yet we can get away from mediocrity and the false democracy of the proletariat by still honoring and emulating that fast diminishing aristocracy of the wise, the virtuous, the heroic and the just.

Emerson says that all things are known to the soul in her native realm, that although we cannot know all her natural history as a circulating power in the Universe, yet we do know that she partakes the general warmth of Nature and the Divine Intelligence of God. Thus are the sense-world devotees, empirical scientists, and worldly fools generally, rebuked for claiming that there are no such things as innate ideas, no spiritual economy or strictly moral conscience underlying man's superficial physical life. It is just these subtle presences which prevent our life from being chaotic and insane; it is just our recognition or at least our power to recognize the possibilities of Nature which keep us in touch with the overworld, and

make us relish mystic raptures and consider them common sense. Bare sensory experience and physiological function are not enough, we still require the additional process of spirit to give us patterns of philosophy with which to lend meaning and system to our various points of contact with reality. The soul is a unit of cosmic energy, and it partakes of the three principles of such energy, viz: creative spontaneity, continuity and integrity.

In a very portly volume of 875 pages, Dr. John M. Macfarlane has compiled forty years research and study in the deductions and inductions of modern evolutionism, a science which he has appropriately named Bionergics. It is noteworthy that he sees in continuity the great organizing power of the Universe, a principle to be recognized as of extreme importance even in morality and religion (a point quite distinctly brought out and emphasized by Drummond). No system of philosophy can afford to deny the spiritual side of man's nature, for *that* is what gives him any philosophical power at all, because it is part and parcel of the cosmic sobriety, its integrity and spontaneous activity being man's chief credentials for immortality. This, I believe, accounts in a large measure for the universal esteem which all honest scholars and thinkers feel toward Denmark's great sage, Harold Höffding, whom the French Comptists mistakenly called "notre ami Effdong."

Emile Boutroux, however, is a French philosopher who tries another tactical route for getting at the problem of how to make spiritual progress against an adverse world. His recent work on *The Contingency of the Laws of Nature* comprises the metaphysical magic of a philosopher who admirably, but with questionable success contends against the many restrictions of human intellectual capacity, the fallibility of logical establishments, and the inscrutable dominance of death. He finds that the actual and unavoidable fact is that man is a finite center of life or of that sphere which offers possibilities of intelligent interest and experience; man really is no match as yet for the ruthless vandal power of Nature, his petty wishes and impotent will being always brushed aside in the vast decisions and disasters of natural procedure. The illusion of self-determination, like the delusion of self-importance, is the film which dims our metaphysical as well as our realistic and impressionistic vision. Boutroux asks, Is the Universe absolute and necessitarian; is its code of laws inflexible and mechanically precise in its fatal

eventuations? Or is it an open Universe; an infinite vale of possibility, creative freedom, dramatic conflict, spontaneous will and ultimate (though hardly efficient or economically worthwhile) success? Thus do we look through the Cosmos for just those qualities and characteristics which we wish to cultivate in our souls; but if we are allowed to develop a sense of duty, integrity, justice, love and accurate judgment, it seems quite reasonable to think that these are already existent qualities in the natural world, the structure of the Universe.

Accordingly we find good grounds for arguing that stability and necessity are no more fundamental characteristics of the Universe than change and contingency. We find that there are many phases of disparate existence, many separate cycles of reality; we find that the Universe is plurally real in the sense that there are several systems or spheres of action whose functions are as separate as their structures. Even our own may be analyzed and found to consist in many lesser domains such as those of the possible, the existential, notional, material, living, thinking, social and spiritual worlds. By dint of natural law they fall into a ready order and upward progress of amplitude and power. Each has its own degree of freedom to act, its own skill-limits and action-patterns, its own proportion of the Universal Fund of creative spontaneity, continuity and integrity; and therefore the amount of contingency present in any sphere is always heuristic of a progressive development whose terms vary only with its freedom and skill, its aspirations and affections.

The great ideal of all consists in drawing nearer to God, in resembling Him, each after its kind and according to its capacity for achievement. Truly enough, moral necessity exists, but it is not so much an urge or push as it is an inspiration and a guide; it does not exist as a gale driving us from behind, but as a beacon marking the route of destiny, encouraging and guiding us along our course of safety and duty. Spiritual progress is impossible without some measure of persistent good, some actual security from the pitfalls and vices of worldly life. Nature does all she can to guide us aright, even penalizing every misstep we take, but we must be ourselves erect without her stern support, we must exercise our own integrity, our own devout ambition to be wise and good.

Boutroux also shows that the various habits and prejudices of the metaphysical mind make up the various sources (codes of laws,

aims, ideals and principles) of our philosophies of Nature. And where all is intellectual contingency, how then can we expect to ever validly repudiate and destroy the necessity so loudly emphasized by the absolutist? The soteriology of empiricism, meaning a constant peirastic program of creative experiment and verification, is the solution of this problem of our philosophical redemption; and it must replace the historicist's rationalized prospect of future possibilities prefigured in an over-selective, over-simplified, but insufficiently representative past. Our only reliable staff on the jagged upland path is the moral choice of noble motive, virtuous action and heroic spirituelle. As mystic rapture swells our dream-ship's sails and we seek emprise on the soul's inviting voyage, no hope is too sublime, no sacrifice too great, no toil too arduous. The storms of speculative contingency are no true hazard to our fortitude, the cross-tides of adverse circumstance or of foolish conduct are not good cause for alarm.

Such high prospects of progress in the coming age reminds me of Mazzini's *Faith and the Future*, in which he tells us that true faith requires an aim that is capable of embracing life as a whole, it requires the power of concentrating all life's numerous ideals and manifestations, the executive capacity of directing all our many modes of social activity or of repressing the unworthy impulses in favor of those more noble. In order to be an adequate confessional of devotion and spiritual fidelity it requires an earnest, unalterable conviction that that aim shall be realized sometime, somewhere and somehow; it also requires that that power shall be decisive and give significant purpose to the profound belief in either our own or some worthwhile vicarious mission, as well as the conscientious obligation to fulfil it. Above all, it requires the everpresent consciousness of Supreme Power divinely watching over the deeds of the faithful as they pursue the path towards its realization. Spiritual progress means spiritual accomplishment, development and intelligent expression of soul; it means that we have achieved worthy aims and have given the prestige of purity to our loves and aspirations. These elements are indispensable to every honest faith, every reverent devotion to things divine; and wherever any one of them is wanting we will have sects, schisms, schools, political parties, fads and fashions, but true and cosmic faith will never be in vogue; there will never be on every hand the sturdy martyrs of old, no one to

make heroic sacrifice, and only a quondam flourishing of those who seek constant hourly piety for the sake of a great religious idea. This latter condition is all too much the label on our modern situation; we are mad with mercenary motive, we are foolish and extravagant world-seekers chasing selfishly and impatiently after the vanities of things modern. But the former condition, holding forth bold brief for noble faith, inspires new life and hope, encourages and energizes us to make new effort toward spiritual achievement. It is always a stroke of genius to catch fleeting truths and give them stable affection in the heart of man. It is always a token of spiritual progress to have that power over material things which can and does render them no more seductive and misleading; that capacity which empowers a man to practice courage, wisdom, justice and love. Such a strength of character makes for spiritual progress, and such a spiritual progress makes for both the honest doubt of things material and the honest faith in things divine. But it takes them both to give direction to our destiny, to make the future pre-exist in us, for we and our highest aspirations are creative of it.